HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE MERE SHADOW HAS STILL SOME BACKBONE.

"OUR STANDING ARMY" STANDS IN SPITE OF POLITICAL FALSE ECONOMY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be commenced a new and intensely dramatic Story by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled

"THE FROZEN DEEP,"

the principal scenes of which are laid among the terrors of the Arctic Regions. It abounds in those striking characteristics which render WILKIE COLLINS one of the most popular story writers of the day.

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ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

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THE REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL ADDRESS.

IN an admirable speech which he made last October at Birmingham JOHN BRIGHT reviewed the administration of the Liberal party, and after describing all that GLADSTONE and his friends had accomplished, he said: "It may be a question whether you want any thing more to be done. Even if you did not, it would be advisable to retain the servants that have done so well; but if you want more to be done, it would seem to me to be very necessary to retain those who are willing to do something rather than those who for five years past have done nothing but obstruct." The English people decided to take the chance of Lothair, but Mr. BRIGHT'S advice was good, nevertheless. The late address of the Republican Congressional Committee reminds us of Mr. BRIGHT'S speech. It is a glowing review of the achievements of the Republican party, a severe but not unjust exposition of the wretched results of former Democratic rule, and an appeal for the continued confidence of the country. To those who regard a dominant party as merely the majority of the people acting together for certain purposes of the common welfare the tone of such a production is necessarily amusing. For what, they ask, is a political party in power but the majority acting together for the common welfare? And why should people praise themselves for doing what they wish to do, or spend their breath in censuring a policy which will never be adopted until they choose?

But a political party is practically something more than this. It enlists the passions and feelings of its members to a degree quite beyond their deliberate convictions of what the public welfare requires. The success of the organization itself as such, and not merely as a means of ultimate ends, becomes an object of interest and effort. Indeed, the most vital element of interest in that success is really illegitimate, for it is the personal advantage arising from patronage. If a party were practically what it is theoretically, party spirit, instead of being the menace of liberty, would be merely a just zeal for the public welfare. As it is, a party address is the appeal of those who wish to retain power, and that wish is founded upon many selfish reasons. Moreover, long experience, and the good sense of the race in which free popular institutions are a tradition, teach that, except under extraordinary circumstances, the alternative of the citizen is a choice between existing parties or a vacant protest. Where elections are frequent party organizations can not be readily adjusted to the rapidly shifting modifications of opinion or the demands of selfish discontent. If, upon the whole, the dominant party has promoted the common welfare, and its tendencies upon the most important questions are right—and there is no reason to suppose that power would be more honestly or more beneficially used by the opposition, despite the fine professions of those who seek power, but are not bound by the responsibilities and conditions of possession—the sensible citizen does not decide to change merely for the sake of change. He neither votes for the opposition nor aids it by throwing his vote away if his own party candidates are proper men.

Should the Democrats secure a majority in the next House, certain results may be considered as sure: all the questions arising from reconstruction would be treated from the point of view of the reactionists, the enforcement of the guarantees of the new amendments would be obstructed, and consequently the negro would angrily re-appear in politics. This is foreshadowed by the letter of Mr. EATON, the new Democratic Senator from Connecticut, who says in a late letter that he will try "with other honest Senators to take away the Federal bayonets from our brothers in the South," meaning by brothers not all the citizens of the Southern States, but the late slave-holding class, and by Federal bayonets, the protection of equal rights. It is indicated also by the Indiana Democratic platform, which denounces the Republican party as "the oppressor of the white people of the South," and pronounces for equal protection of all citizens "without interfering with social customs of the people"—meaning that where oppression of a class of citizens is a social custom it is not to be interfered with.

The London *Saturday Review*, an essentially Tory journal, and therefore sympathetic with the aristocratic tendencies of what is politically called Democracy in this country, confirms from a distance the views indicated by Mr. EATON'S letter and by the Indiana platform. "The experiment of negro supremacy or equality," it says, "will probably be interrupted before it has been exhaustively tried. It is only under the patronage of the Republican majority and the Federal government that the superior race has been temporarily depressed......Sooner or later some political party will form an alliance with the Southern whites on the basis of restoring the power of which they have been lately deprived. There will be no difficulty in discovering plausible reasons for the formal or practical disfranchisement of constituencies which have proved themselves grossly corrupt and incompetent." With Democratic ascendency would also return the practical danger of repudiation, which was proclaimed, under a veil, in the party platform of 1868, and which is now renewed as a practical issue by the Indiana Democrats, notwithstanding the adoption of the Cincinnati declaration by the last National Democratic Convention denouncing "repudiation in every form and guise."

In the coming Congressional elections the number of really independent voters will be unusually large. In many districts they will hold the balance of power; and it is for them to decide whether the necessarily reactionary tendencies of a Democratic restoration would be less mischievous than the possible shortcomings of the Republican party. And again, it is for the Republican leaders to reflect that people are not more logical at the polls than elsewhere, and that, as Mr. BRIGHT found in England, when they are disgusted with an existing management of affairs, they take all the risks of changing without too closely weighing logical probabilities.

THE LATE REGATTA.

THE old objection of "good people" to horse-racing, which was included in a common condemnation with gambling and play-acting, was that it not only wasted time, but fostered betting, drinking, profanity, and general dissoluteness. But "athletic sports" and the "manly rivalry of muscle" have not been supposed liable to such objections. It was observed, however, some time since that the noble game of base-ball had become a "professional" business, and that the contests of the "Concordia Jerseymen" and the "Wisconsin Redjackets" were merely a form of gambling. There were very sagacious men, also, who saw with regret that the young gentlemen of the college boat clubs were putting themselves under professional trainers, and who said that the result would be unpleasant, because instead of a manly and admirable exercise and recreation, boating also would become "professional," and a regatta would end in a mere gambling "race," in which bets would be laid upon young men instead of Eclipse and Flora Temple, and the real purpose of the sport be forgotten.

Such anticipations seem to have been somewhat justified by the late intercollegiate regatta at Saratoga. The real result of that event is apparently not so much "the mutual respect engendered by generous rivalry" as a very lamentable and bitter jealousy between the two great colleges of New England. It sometimes happens, although happily very seldom, that on the night before an exciting horse-race, upon which a great deal of money is staked, one of the fleetest and costliest horses, which is perhaps the favorite, is found to be seriously and mysteriously injured. There has been foul play. But it seldom happens that one jockey strikes the horse of another upon the course, or seeks in any way to thwart a rival. We pronounce no opinion as to relative blame in the late regatta, because it is impossible to know the facts; but that between the Harvard and Yale men there was a feeling which in its consequences entirely neutralizes any good result from such a contest is undeniable. The reader of the accounts of the race, so far as Harvard and Yale are concerned, is obliged regretfully to admit that it does not seem to him that he is reading of the generous and manly rivalry of scholars and gentlemen, and he wonders if the story would have been different had the boats been manned by jockeys and gamblers. Of course in the inevitable excitement of a race of any kind there will be warm feeling and hasty words, and much must be forgiven to young men who know that the good name of their college and the pride of thousands of alumni are in their keeping. But those same young men must now see that that good name and honorable pride are more compromised by ill conduct than by honest defeat, and that those who upon a conspicuous public arena and in the eye of the country can not restrain themselves are not worthy to be the champions of their alma mater.

That a great deal of money was pending upon the result is well known. Betting, indeed, can not be helped. Bets may be laid upon the chances of a fair sunset, nor do we think that the perils of Saratoga to the morals of the young men were much greater than those of any other suitable place that might be selected for a regatta, for the peculiar perils of such occasions are not local nor fixed, and they would appear wherever the course might be. The mischief is the disproportionate devotion to a very inferior interest which is sure to be the result of the immense and national importance which the regatta has suddenly assumed, so that the stroke oarsman or captain of a victorious crew will have a prestige most enticing to youthful ambition, but which the highest legitimate honor of the college can not bestow upon a student, and with this must be reckoned the very serious misfortune of the destruction of the scholarly friendship that should exist between the two chief American universities.

THE GAG LAW.

THE profound ignorance in which the most important laws are passed by Congress is shown by the circumstances of the passage of the gag law at the last session. Mr. POLAND, of Vermont, is a Republican and a lawyer. When, therefore, he reported a bill in regard to the courts of the District of Columbia, the members naturally supposed that politically and legally it was "all right," and when he said that there was doubt whether there was any court in the District which had jurisdiction of certain classes of crimes and misdemeanors, and this bill was to remove that doubt, no other explanation was thought necessary, and the House assented to a law which, it is now stated, was drawn by the late Governor of the District, who has a grudge against the press, and by his attorney, and the effect of which is to give a local court in Washington authority to drag accused persons before it from any part of the country and try them. In the Senate no further explanation of this extraordinary bill was offered than the remark of Senator FRELINGHUYSEN that it was very necessary the bill should pass. The presiding officer, Mr. CARPENTER, must have smiled grimly as he put the question and heard no dissent upon a bill which involved the very point against which Senators WADLEIGH, BAYARD, and THURMAN had so vigorously protested.

It is the duty of the press of this country to procure the repeal of this gag law; not only because it strikes at the newspapers as sentinels of the public liberty, but because one such wrong breeds a hundred. The exact scope of the law is plain. As the District of Columbia is under the sole jurisdiction of the United States, every offense committed there is held to be an offense against the United States. The District law makes libel a misdemeanor, punishable as a criminal offense, and the bill gives the trial of such offenses to the Criminal Court of the District, which is given the same power with other courts of the United States. It is held that the circulation in the District of a newspaper containing an alleged libel is an offense within the meaning of the law. Suit may be brought in the Criminal Court, and as it is, by the theory, an offense against the United States, the alleged offender may be brought, at the expense of the United States, "to the District in which the trial is to be had." And all this is done, and an editor may be brought from San Francisco to be tried in Washington, by a blind little bill of two little sections: the first providing that the Criminal Court of the District shall have jurisdiction of all crimes and misdemeanors committed in said District, etc.; and the second, that provision thirty-three of section four of the judiciary act of 1789 shall apply to the courts created by act of Congress in the District of Columbia.

No newspaper asks for immunity of slander. If a Washington correspondent libels a public man, the law already furnishes ample protection. But this bill is not leveled at the correspondent for punishment so much as at the editor and proprietor for annoyance. Its object is to constrain the freedom of criticism, and to compel the managers of a paper to instruct their correspondents not to run the least risk of bringing on a suit. For to produce the annoyance it is not necessary that an actual libel has been uttered, but only that the charge of one be laid before the Grand Jury. Thereupon the rest may follow, and it is easy to see that to avoid the arrest, imprisonment, or bail provided by the law, and the removal to Washington, a despotic restraint would be imposed upon all criticism of public men and measures. The object of the POLAND gag law is precisely that of the bill which was passed by the last TWEED Legislature in New York, authorizing BARNARD, CARDOZO, and M'CUNN to pronounce the comments of any paper upon their performances contempt of court, and summarily to imprison the offenders. And now that the scope of this law has been fully exposed, and its purpose demonstrated by the action immediately taken under it by Mr. SHEPHERD, we presume that Mr. POLAND, who has written a letter in which, for himself, he disclaims any hostility to a free press, will take steps to procure the necessary modifications of an odious statute which bears his name.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORMS.

THE Democratic conventions continue to announce the principles upon which the party would like to administer the government. The Maine brethren began by denouncing inflation and demanding a swift return to specie payments; condemning a protective tariff, and declaring for free trade and unfettered and unrestricted commerce; favoring the local control of local affairs, and asserting (without a single smile reported) that the civil service should be performed by those who were best fitted for it. Then came the Vermont wing, a small but peaceful family, which "renewed its devotion to Democratic principles," denounced the present prohibitory liquor law as undemocratic, and hailed with joy the early completion of the Caughnawaga Canal. These are Democratic principles in Vermont.

Last comes Indiana with a document ten or twenty times as long as that of Vermont. It begins by arraigning the Republican party for corruption, profligacy, oppression, robbery, depredation, unlawful seizures, reckless squandering, defrauding, and weighing like an incubus upon the country. After this vigorous denunciation of swindling, the Indiana Democrats resolved that the bonds should be paid in greenbacks, and that the law which directed the payment in gold should be repealed; that specie payments should be resumed when business will allow, and that in the mean while there should be as much paper issued as business may demand; that colored and white children should not be educated together; that the Indiana Democracy views with abhorrence the attempt to enforce equality of citizens before the law; that there should be a liquor-license system to increase the school fund; that corporate monopoly should be restrained by law; that there should be severe retrenchment, and that about half of the present taxation could be saved; that there should be no grants of public lands to railroads or other corporations; and, after sundry local points, that the gallant soldiers of the late war, with their widows and orphans, should be remembered, and the bounties equalized.

Here are three points of importance: honesty of administration, the finances, and civil rights. Being out of power, all that the Democrats can do in regard to the first is to promise that they will be honest. To this the reply is twofold: first, that Democratic administrations have never shown themselves more honest than others; and second, that the Republicans have severely investigated and reformed dishonest official conduct at the urgent demand and with the hearty approval of the party. As to the second point, the Indiana Democrats demand both repudiation and inflation. On the other hand, the Republicans have always and every where denounced the first, although in Indiana and Illinois, by what they say about an additional amount of currency, they really favor inflation. Upon the third point, that of civil rights, while the Indiana Democrats denounce the proposed bill for the defense of equality as abhorrent to them, the Republican State conventions have not pronounced, but the Congressional Committee declare strongly for the policy.

It is certainly difficult to see any reason why those who wish honest and capable administration, or a sound financial policy, or the maintenance of the equality of citizenship should help to bring the Democrats into power because there have been thieves and rascals in the Republican party. And

if some good citizens are alienated because the thieves and rascals seem to them to have control of the Republican party, we ask them if they think that it is true of the administration of Governor Dix in New York, for instance, and to beware of impatient and rash generalizations. It is undoubtedly and most happily a time in which the personal character and ability of candidates will be of more weight than they have been for many years. No party consideration should induce any voter to support any candidate who is not both honest and able, for good-natured nobodies are the very colleagues that knaves prefer. But among honest and able candidates those of Republican antecedents and sympathies are preferable, because they are naturally and sincerely friendly to the principles and policies by which the Union has been restored.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S SUIT.

We are glad to know that the report of Senator Chandler's offer to give to the District of Columbia the amount of damages which he might recover in a pending libel suit in Washington is wholly untrue; and we should be the more sorry that we had given currency to the falsehood by commenting upon it as true, if we did not hope that this correction may reach many readers who might otherwise continue in ignorance of the facts of the case, which are very simple, and are certainly not discreditable to the Senator. Last February a story in regard to Mr. Chandler appeared in a Detroit newspaper, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, was cited by the author as a witness. Senator Sherman from his place in the Senate promptly denounced the story as a gross libel. But the story was repeated in the Detroit journal, and in a Washington Sunday paper, under the signature of the author, who was at once arrested at the suit of Senator Chandler for criminal libel. The accused demanded a trial by jury, to which the Supreme Court of the District decided that he was entitled, as libel was a crime instead of a misdemeanor. This decision released the accused from his bail of $5000, and he immediately disappeared from Washington, nor has he since been found there. At the first session of the Grand Jury after the decision of the court he was promptly indicted for libel, and will be tried whenever he shall appear. The indictment was found in the name of the people of the District of Columbia, and the Senator has no more control of the case than any other citizen. In the same month of February, however, Senator Chandler began a civil suit under the laws of Michigan against the paper which had published the story, laying the damages at one hundred thousand dollars.

These are the facts. There has been no offer of the kind reported. The report is not only false, but it has been very mischievous, and, of course, injurious to the Senator. It was sent from Washington, and is another illustration of that recklessness and malice which have exasperated so many public men that a majority of the Senate favored so bad a bill against the press as that introduced by Senator Carpenter. As we personally know, there are most honorable and capable gentlemen among the correspondents in Washington, and it is worth their consideration that the newspaper whose reports of men and measures from the capital should be known to be not only truthful, but free from the partial and hostile tone in which the truth itself becomes untrue, would become the most indispensable paper in the country. It is difficult, because there is no great journal in the Union whose sympathies, upon the whole, are not really for or against one of the two parties, and therefore it is apt to see even facts according to its predilections; to believe an ill story easily when it affects men or measures which the journal opposes, and with great difficulty when it stigmatizes its friends. But if there were a journal to which the reader of every party could look with confidence for an unbiased statement of facts, and for a prompt correction of current falsehoods, such as this about Senator Chandler, it would be in very great demand.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

When the military pets of the London drawing-rooms went to the Crimea they performed the most famous action of the war, which has already passed into poetry and tradition.

> "Cannon to right of them,
> Cannon to left of them,
> Cannon in front of them
> Volley'd and thunder'd;
> Storm'd at with shot and shell,
> Boldly they rode and well,
> Into the jaws of Death,
> Into the mouth of Hell
> Rode the six hundred."

Philip Sidney, the darling of the court of Elizabeth, after beating the scholars and courtiers with their own weapons at home, went away to the Low Countries and died a hero, his last act renowned as an inspiration of the loftiest humane and Christian courtesy. And now at the regatta, the fashionable city boys, as they are called, although probably no more distinctively urban than the students of other colleges—the youth who shone at the ball, and who are popularly supposed to have been of more faultless apparel than the others—the crew which, as that of a city college, were graciously conceded in the estimate the third or fourth or fifth place—any where, indeed, but at the head—with cool and steady spring, as if they felt that they had been made the representative of aristocracy, and that *noblesse oblige*, took the lead and kept it, and amidst a kind of delirious delight and wonder were incontestably victorious; and as Mr. Coudert, the welcoming orator, said at the Windsor, and with a subtle humor, "For the first time in the history of Columbia the citizens of New York knew that they had a college in their midst."

How they came home in intoxicating triumph; how the special car fluttered profusely with streamers of the college colors, blue and white; how the winning boat was borne aloft like a new *Bucentoro* or a modern ark of the covenant; how "the welkin rang" with the exultant roar of the crowd of alumni and under-graduates and reverend clergy and citizens and strangers; how the frenzied graduates, unharnessing the horses of the barouche that conveyed the victors, drew them in festive glory along the *Via Sacra* of fashion to the academic halls, where the president greeted them with joy, and congratulated them that they had made their college honorably known on the banks of the Thames and the Seine, in Bombay, Calcutta, and Hong-Kong; and how every body, with laughter and shouting and proud satisfaction, agreed that it was "a famous victory"—has all been faithfully and fully recorded in the sympathetic newspapers. The morals that the orators drew from the occasion were most impressive, and the fun was most hilarious; and if we also indulge in a little moralizing in another column, we are none the less heartily glad of the victory of Columbia, and trust, with the eloquent Mr. Coudert, that "it will redound to the benefit of the nation."

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXIII.

The war party in France employs in private language that seems the extravagance of bombast. Newspapers may be cautiously silent, and ministers yielding and submissive, but the politicians of the cafés and the clubs have no hesitation in confessing the future policy of aggression. France, they assert, is gathering an army that nothing in Europe can resist. All its youth and manhood are to be converted into soldiers. In some unguarded moment they will strike Germany. The war will be one of unsparing severity, and if they fail, Paris shall be razed to the ground, and the name of France be blotted out from among nations. But they have no fear of defeat. In their dream of military supremacy they point to the days when French soldiers occupied and plundered all the capitals of the Continent, when the first Napoleon lived upon a universal robbery, and France was enriched by the spoil of its neighbors; or they recall with a momentary exultation the flourishing period of the reign of the last Napoleon, and intimate, with a malicious smile, that the England of Victoria has been already almost a dependency of their vigorous empire, and that it will again tremble before the Napoleonic eagles. Our French Ishmaelites seem to have all the world for their foes. They hate England because she refused to shield them from the invasion of the Germans, even more than Germany itself, and for Italy and Spain they hold out a terrible overthrow. No repentance can save the nations from the just vengeance of France; and when it was modestly suggested that Würtemberg was sorry that it had helped Prussia, and that it should be spared in the coming reckoning with Europe, a French war paper replied that the Würtembergers had helped their countrymen, and must share in their country's fate.

Nor can it be doubted that if France could destroy the German Empire it would again rule over Europe. Italy would fall at once, and the Pope would sit again on his crimson throne; Isabella might reign in Spain; Protestantism would receive a more disastrous overthrow than it has known since Wallenstein, and the papal priests would rule in every school and college from the Tyrol to the Baltic. It is for this that Veuillot and the ultramontanes excite the French peasantry and the French nobles to war, that the bishops of Alsace and Lorraine spread their inflammatory pastorals, that the priests surround the councils of M'Mahon, the "Catholic" editors assemble in secret sittings, the French clergy convene their committees in the Madeleine, and prepare to govern the elections by a perfect organization, to which no other political party can offer a parallel. Fanaticism lends its aid to military ambition, and unhappy France must yet pay the penalty of its religious intolerance. But, besides its priests, the war party is composed of a vast number of incongruous elements. Young nobles from the Faubourg St. Germain, who are weary of indolence, and long for a "career;" Bonapartists, who have tasted the license and the corruption of an imperial rule; contractors, who hope for boundless profits; a throng of military officials, officers, and the unemployed soldiery; restless politicians, ambitious editors, the starving and idle of the cities—all who would live upon plunder, and all who would revenge upon Germany the disasters and the shame of the Napoleonic war.

To fanaticism and to military ambition humanity in vain offers its time-worn remonstrance. Sophocles and Homer, philosophy and history, in vain celebrate the charm of peace. The war faction hear nothing but their own mad declamation, see nothing but their own insane vision of Europe bowing at the feet of France. In the Napoleonic period the war-cry of this class of French politicians was the boundary of the Rhine. To enlarge the limits of the nation by force or fraud was the common policy of Ollivier and De Grammont. Their cry now is the rescue of Alsace and Lorraine. For this they would plunge France into a depth of poverty such as even yet it has never known, would steal its youth and manhood from the plow and the factory, cover it with desolate homes and weeping families, check that new prosperity which is just dawning upon its laboring classes, and send its young generation to perish on the battle-field. There is no doubt—and it is one of the saddest traits in the condition of France—that its army has once more sprung up to unexampled strength. While poverty weighs upon its people; while a debt greater than that of any other nation, and a taxation such as no other country has borne, destroys the life of trade and commerce; while Paris approaches the brink of bankruptcy, and food in the great capital is rising steadily in cost and depreciating in quality; while the revenue is falling off and production pauses—the lavish outlay on the army has never ceased. M'Mahon reviews great masses of useless soldiers. Versailles is surrounded by an immense force, and every village in France is the scene of a military display. Only three years have passed since the French army was dissolved in captivity or desertion, and scarcely a soldier remained to prey upon the resources of the nation. Three years of needless and extravagant expenditure have once more made France a military power. All over the country the foundries and factories have run night and day producing cannon and rifles. The losses of the war of 1870 have been repaired by an excessive waste of human toil. Officers and soldiers have been clothed anew at the cost of the industrious poor, and honesty goes in tatters, while future heroes shine in scarlet and blue, in gold and lace, and spend the poor income of the people in all the cafés of Paris.

Nothing is more striking in this important period than the reticence of the ministry, Assembly, and the press upon that single idea which is rankling in so many minds, and which forms the ruling impulse of the politics of the governing classes of the French. No word escapes in public of the meditated revenge upon Germany. Only the priests and bishops venture to assail openly the policy of Bismarck, or perhaps now and then an incautious editor drops a fierce hint of the horrors yet to come. The President of the nominal republic, silent and unconcerned, is contented to urge on the military preparations, and claim his own dictatorial power for seven years. The Assembly from which he professes to draw his authority continues to disobey the known wishes of the people; but its orators refrain from one subject upon which the highest interest of the nation hangs. It is only in private that one hears, often from persons of apparent good sense and even humanity, the sanguinary schemes that animate so many cruel hopes; and it is from the conversation of these men that it is possible to discover the designs of the Assembly and the silent President. What to this class of persons seems the most unhappy trait in the condition of France is that it has lost its military supremacy in Europe. They cling to the mediæval conception, to the savage notion which with reasonable men has long ago been abandoned to the wigwam of the Comanche or the annals of the Dark Ages, that the chief glory of a nation consists in the terror with which it can inspire its neighbors. They look upon fleets and armies as the only symbols of greatness. They seem to think that France can never recover its ancient renown until it has wrested Alsace and Lorraine from the grasp of Germany, and proved its valor in seas of blood. It is in vain to tell such men that no one doubts the courage, the glory, or the greatness of France, or of any other united nation; that civilization has long abandoned the notions of the Dark Ages; that England, Italy, the United States, even Germany and Russia, if public professions can be trusted, are anxious chiefly to reduce their armies, and save the money and time of their people. The poor and sanguinary vanity still lives in the minds of too many of the French that Louis XIV., Napoleon I., and Napoleon III. are the chief of modern rulers, and that France is bound to avenge upon Europe the blood it vainly shed at Malplaquet and Waterloo and Sedan. The national vendetta must still be kept up in the midst of the light of an advancing humanity.

But one reflection might well arrest the least rational of these aspirants to universal supremacy. It is the rapid decline in the relative importance of their country. Misgovernment, and the prevalence of Napoleonic or papal ideas, have produced a strange revolution in the position of France. It has long lost that superiority of numbers and physical strength that gave it an overruling influence in Europe a century ago. In the year 1775 the population of France was estimated at twenty millions; that of England at only ten. At present France has thirty-six millions, and England thirty-two. One country has more than trebled its population in a hundred years, the other has not yet doubled its numbers. Germany has increased in a ratio approaching that of England, and even Italy is rapidly advancing. But for the past two years it is stated the population of France has actually declined. It is plain, therefore, that it can no longer pour forth its conquering hosts as in the days of the astute Napoleon. It can no longer aspire to the conquest of Europe. Its armies will be outnumbered at last, as in the recent war, its energies exhausted as those of no other nation have ever been. But no argument or reflection damps the ardor of the war party. They hope to fill Germany with the flames of religious discord, and divide it asunder by civil strife. Superstition is once more to incite barbarity, miracles and omens are to guide the new crusaders, and if the French host ever again crosses the Rhine, its motives and its aims will be very little different from those with which Alva entered the Netherlands, or De Montford ravaged the fields and cities of the South. It is only as the leaders of a European reaction against Protestantism that the French can again aspire to the military supremacy of the Continent.

Whether the spirit of revenge and the mad vision of a subject Europe are the ruling impulses of all the French can only be tested by a general election. It can scarcely be supposed that the Republicans would enter upon a war in defense of the papal claims, or would be willing to strengthen the government of the priests; and more than once the Liberal editors have condemned that imperial policy which led the way to the fall of France. It is possible to hope that the great body of the French people, who have now no representatives and no voice in the usurping Assembly, are more discreet and humane than the Olliviers and De Grammonts of to-day, and would enter into no war with "a light heart." As yet the people are unheard. The press is silenced. The military preparations go on. Paris is made to lament every day over the captivity of Alsace and Lorraine. The Catholic nobles bring out their rarest pictures and works of art to form an exhibition for the exiles. There are Alsace and Lorraine clubs, societies, cafés. The French are taught to complain of their lost provinces, as if they themselves had never plundered half Europe, or clamored for the boundary of the Rhine. The rescue of Alsace and Lorraine is the cry of the war party. Meantime the frowning batteries of Metz and Strasburg bar the path to Germany, and the conquered provinces are becoming slowly reconciled to a fate which is as inevitable as it is probably desirable.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Pacific Mail steam-ship *City of Guatemala*, which left this port on July 11, went ashore on Watling's Island, one of the Bahama group, on the 16th. The officers and crew were saved.

The Secretary of War has issued an order granting permission for United States troops to follow mischievous Indians to their reservations, recover stolen property, and punish the offenders.

The Boston boy murderer, Pomeroy, has confessed to the killing of Kate Curren and the Mellen boy.

In the Brady salvage case Judge Cadwallader has decided that Mr. Brady is entitled to $4000 salvage for taking command of the steam-ship *Pennsylvania* when her officers had been lost.

It is announced that four steam-ships of the White Star line will be transferred from New York to run between Philadelphia and Liverpool.

The last surviving sister of the late Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, died at the Epiphany Church Home, Washington, July 22, aged sixty-eight years.

The bolt and army worms have made their appearance in Middle Alabama, Eastern Mississippi, and also many parishes in Louisiana. Three large plantations in Middle Alabama were entirely destroyed within three days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Marshal M'Mahon, in response to a deputation of members of the Assembly, said recently that he was not summoned to power to restore either the empire or the monarchy. The law which created the septennate imposed upon him still less the task of constituting a definite republic. The proclamation of the republic might disturb order and peace.

The French Assembly has rejected M. Casimir-Périer's constitutional bill by 333 to 374. Immediately after the vote M. De Malleville submitted a motion for the dissolution of the Chamber, which was rejected by 340 to 370.

Don Carlos has issued a manifesto guaranteeing religious toleration, and engaging not to disturb the sales of church property.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the shooting of a German war correspondent, says: "Germany, in behalf of outraged European civilization, will seek and find means to teach the Carlists that the murder of a captured German shall not remain unpunished."

The death sentence pronounced against Dockray by a military tribunal in Cuba has been commuted by President Serrano to ten years' imprisonment.

The British Parliament has voted Prince Leopold a grant of $75,000 a year.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

We give on this page the portrait of little Charlie Ross, who, as our readers will remember, was stolen from the residence of his parents in Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of July. On the afternoon of that day Charlie, who is only four years old, was playing with his elder brother, Walter, in a lane in the rear of their home, when a carriage containing two men was driven up. The children were invited to get in and take a ride, and, with child-like simplicity and confidence, they at once complied. The wagon was then driven off. It was some time before the children were missed, and then search was made in vain for their discovery. Later the same evening the eldest boy, Walter, was found wandering in a distant part of Philadelphia. He stated that one of the men had given him some money to buy fire-crackers, and that he went into a store for that purpose. On coming out the carriage was nowhere to be seen. The men had driven off with his little brother.

The case was at once given to the police authorities, who, unfortunately, had little to work upon except the description of the missing child furnished by the father, Mr. Christian K. Ross. The community at large were first made aware of the atrocious and dangerous character of this abduction by a proposition made by the kidnapers to Mr. Ross, through an advertisement in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, to return the child on the payment of twenty thousand dollars. This cool proposition showed that the abduction had been planned as a means of levying the most heartless black-mail, or, as it has been aptly termed, "blood-mail," on the parents of the boy. It was then the people of this and other cities throughout the country became shocked and startled at the boldness of the crime. Mr. Ross, who is a man in moderate circumstances, at once took measures to raise the required ransom, and immediately communicated through the press his readiness to comply with the demand. The kidnapers are evidently scoundrels of no common stamp. They have thus far eluded every effort to discover their place of concealment, and have indicated a plan for the return of the child and the payment of the ransom which will preclude their identification.

The police authorities, meanwhile, have been active in trying to discover the authors of this terrible crime, but, up to the time of writing, without avail. Impatient of the delay—perhaps unavoidable—attending the operations of the police, a number of wealthy citizens at length authorized Mayor Stokley of Philadelphia to offer a reward of $20,000, for which they became responsible, for the capture and conviction of the kidnapers and the restoration of the child to its parents. The Mayor's proclamation, published July 22, contains the following description of the stolen child and, as near as could be ascertained, that of the two men by whom he was decoyed away:

CHARLIE ROSS, THE STOLEN CHILD.—[From a Photograph by R. Newell & Son, Philadelphia.]

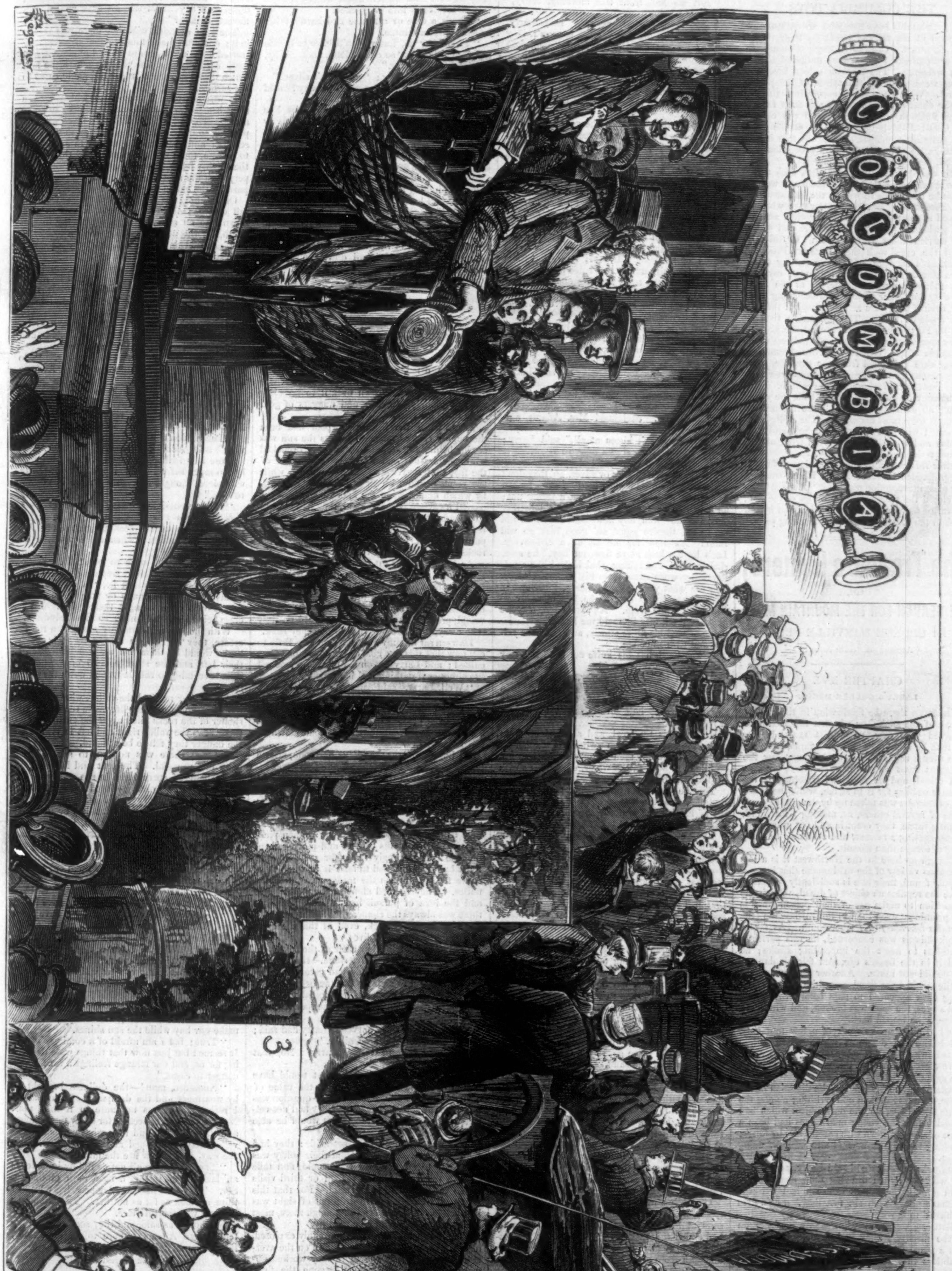
"At the time the child was stolen he answered to the following description: Age, four years; dressed in a brown linen kilt suit with a short skirt, a broad-brimmed, unbleached Panama hat with a black band, laced shoes, and blue and white striped stockings. The boy has long flaxen curly hair, hazel eyes, clear skin, round, full face, and no marks except those made by vaccination on the arm. His appearance as above described may have been greatly changed by cutting off his hair or changing his dress to that of a girl, or in some other way. The child was decoyed by two men into a falling-top, yacht-bodied buggy, painted dark all over, and lined with dark material, drawn by a dark bay or brown horse about fifteen and a half hands high, driven, it is believed, without a check-rein, by two men, who, as nearly as can be ascertained, answered to the following description, viz.: No. 1 was a man of rather large size, probably five feet eight or nine inches high—he was only seen sitting; his age is believed to be from thirty-five to forty-five years; has a mustache and full beard or whiskers, rather long on the chin, of a brown or sandy-brown color, and brown hair; he wore a ring on the little finger of his right hand. No. 2 was a man five feet eight or ten inches high, about twenty-five or thirty years of age, of light, or with a tendency to sandy, complexion, sandy mustache, and a red nose and face, having the appearance of a drinking man. One of the men wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, looking as if it had been worn a season or two, and much sunburned. The other wore a high-crowned, dark-colored straw hat. One wore a linen duster, and the other a gray alpaca duster. One of the men wore large eyeglasses or goggles of a dark color, probably as a disguise."

This distressing case is, we believe, the first instance of kidnaping for the express purpose of exacting a ransom which has occurred in this country, and if successful in the end, if the wretches who stole Charlie Ross get off free with their $20,000 blood-money, there will be consternation in every household where there are little children. Every feeling heart sympathizes with the stricken parents, and prays for the speedy and safe restoration of their child to their arms. But the rejoicing over this event will be lessened if the guilty parties are not brought to justice. Every successful crime brings a hundred imitators; and if the kidnapers of Charlie Ross are not discovered and punished with all the severity allowed by law, we shall doubtless soon hear of other cases equally distressing. The whole country is interested in bringing the criminals to speedy justice.

REUNION OF VETERANS.

The reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic took place, July 22, at Paterson, New Jersey. President Grant, Secretary Robeson, Governor Parker, the Hon. W. W. Phelps, Mayor Townsend, and many other prominent public officers took part in the exercises. There were 50,000 visitors in the city, and the enthusiasm of both guests and residents was very great. There was a procession of the militia, which was lengthened by the carriages containing invited guests; 10,000 men were in line. In the afternoon there was a banquet, at which Governor Parker, President Grant, the Hon. W. W. Phelps, and others made addresses, and in the evening there was a pleasant reception at Washington Hall. Our illustration on this page will give the reader a graphic idea of the procession as it passed through the principal streets of the city.

REUNION OF VETERANS AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—THE PROCESSION.—[Photographed by John Reid, Paterson.]



THE COLUMBIA BOYS—GRAND RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.—1. THE COLLEGE BALCONY. 2. DRAWN IN TRIUMPH. 3. THE ORATORS.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

THE COLUMBIA BOYS.

The Columbia boys met with an enthusiastic reception at the railway dépôt on their return from Saratoga. Crowds of eager Columbians and sympathetic friends were gathered to bid them welcome. The favorite colors, blue and white, were worn by two-thirds of the people present. When the train steamed into the dépôt the cheers of the students and their friends pealed forth in ringing tones, and the college cry, C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A, came in at the close with resonant emphasis. After the first hearty greetings and hand-shakings, a procession was formed, headed by a band of music.

The crew carried their oars aloft, each man's name appearing on the blade of the trusty weapon which he had borne so well in the late struggle. The absent oarsman, Mr. Griswold, who remained at Saratoga, was not forgotten, and his oar, garlanded with the victor blue and white, was carried along with the rest. Outside the dépôt the crew took their seats in President Barnard's carriage, which was waiting to receive them. It was their triumphal car, and they themselves were the heroes of the hour. Yet they bore their honors with becoming modesty, even if they were secretly proud of the ovation tendered them. The procession took its way up Forty-second Street amidst the plaudits of the spectators and the answering cheers of the Columbia boys. When near Fifth Avenue the horses were unhitched from the carriage, ropes were attached, and the eager students drew their victorious mates in triumph to the college. From the balcony President Barnard bade the young victors an earnest welcome. Here the demonstrations were most emphatic. The college was decorated with the Columbia colors, and flags of blue and white were displayed from all the private residences in the vicinity.

After this ceremony the procession re-formed and proceeded to the Windsor Hotel, where a very pleasant reception was held. A social evening closed the triumphant festivities of the day, the various scenes of which are depicted by our artist in the illustration on the preceding page.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By George Manville Fenn,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER XVI.

LARRY'S GOLDEN DROPS.

Whether there be fascination in the glittering eye of the snake, or whether the victim be paralyzed with fear, naturalists must decide. Let that be as it may, Frank Adams, stooping there over a rugged block of dark ore, saw the venomous beast coiled up on a stone, with its head raised, and he remained watching it, apparently waiting for it to strike, while the attention of Dawson was taken up by the gliding scaly forms of several others, as, making a low, dull, warning rattle, they crept in and out among the stones, beating a retreat, and evidently thinking more of escape than assault.

Though up here in the Northwest it is a less venomous variety of the rattlesnake that is occasionally found, their bite is sufficiently serious to make the reptiles an object of dread, though the disposition to make use of their poison-fangs is less prominent even than in the rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) of farther south. As far as Frank Adams was concerned, he was perfectly powerless to avert the impending stroke; he read it in the beast's eye, and felt his danger, but he did not move. Another instant and the reptile would have fixed upon him, when something dark appeared to pass before the young man's eyes, the spell was broken, and with a cry of horror he leaped back.

It had all been the work of a few moments, and before the dizziness which followed had passed away, Dawson was saying, "That was a narrow escape, Frank; but the brute will never bite again."

Adams turned his head in the direction of the snake, to see it broken and writhing amidst the rough fragments, for the dark object which had passed before the young man's eyes had been a piece of stone, thrown with careful aim by Larry, crushing the reptile beyond all power of doing harm.

"Look at the baste!" said Larry, completing his work, and then drawing their dead enemy from among the stones where it had writhed. "That's pretty nigh six feet long. Sha'n't we be havin' to move?"

Rattlesnakes, danger, however, were forgotten in the discovery they had made. Here there was a place whose wealth was enormous; and doubtless they had but to move the débris to come upon blocks and masses of native silver which had been covered over by slips from the sides of the great chasm.

The two men sat so thoughtful over their discovery of sufficient wealth to make them princes among men—could they transport it to the regions of civilization—that Larry muttered to himself, "Sure they don't want me. Bud he might have said 'Thanky' for killin' that baste."

So Larry stole gently away with his pannikin and pole, and went down the valley, overtaking Mrs. Adams and Mary, who were tempted to stroll by the beauty of the morning.

"Sure, Miss Mary," said Larry, "ye'll be in luck this mornin', an' jist ready to howld the basket for as illigant a lot ov throut as iver ye see."

"But we had trout this morning, Larry," said Mrs. Adams.

"Not these throut, ma'am," said Larry. "These are fine big fellows, that look as if they hadn't a bone in their shkin. I come upon thim in a bit ov a sandy corner down below there, an' I stopped their gettin' down the strame by puttin' a row ov stones across; an' now I've only got to divart the wather, an' ladle the rist out, an' there we have the fine fellows flappin' about on the sand."

Larry led the way down the valley for about a mile or so, leading his companions cautiously forward to a pool made by the rivulet, whose clear waters gurgled along the bottom; and there plainly enough could be seen safely prisoned about a dozen fine large trout.

"It makes one's mouth wather to see thim, don't it?" said Larry, rolling up his sleeves, wading into the stream above the pool, and, by means of a shovel, so banking up the sand that the water ceased to pass through the pool, but glided down another way. Then, seeking the bottom of his pool, Larry set to work with a will, and in half an hour had baled out the water so as to leave the trout flapping about on their sides in the sand, from which they were soon transferred to the basket—thirteen of them—which Larry held.

"An' now," said Larry, quietly, "I've got me idays about this shpot; an' as they've made their bit ov a dishcovery up above—"

"Discovery, Larry?" exclaimed Mrs. Adams.

"Sure, yes; an' didn't I tell ye?" said Larry.

"No, not a word."

"Nor yet about the masther bein' nearly bitten by a rattlesnake?"

"Oh, Larry?" exclaimed Mrs. Adams, agitatedly.

"Bud he wasn't bitten at all," said Larry; "an' a miss is as good as a mile, ye know."

"But the discovery?" said Mary.

"Oh, only some lumps ov silver, an' they don't want ye, I'm sure, for they both ov thim looked as dull an' as miserable as if they'd rather not; an' I came away an' left thim. Ye'd betther stay wid me—well, any how, take the fishes wid ye. Och, they're gone, an' good luck go wid thim! An' now for me bit ov a dishcovery. Let's have a look at ye first, me boy," he said, sitting down, and taking what looked like a yellow water-worn stone from his pocket. "Now let's see what ye are," said Larry, "because if ye're right, there's sure to be lots more ov ye where ye came from. An', let's see, if ye're goold ye'll cut aisy like wid me knife."

He opened his knife slowly, and tried the yellow find with the edge.

It was hard, but his knife cut from it a tiny shaving of pure yellow gold.

"It's all right," said Larry, closing his big knife with a snap. "Silver!" he added, in a tone of contempt; "who'd dig for shillin's whin he could turn up half sovereigns an' sovereigns at ivery dip?"

He took his tin bowl, and scooped up from where the trout had been swimming a quantity of sand and water; then going a little higher up, he filled the bowl full of water, stirred it up with his fingers, and poured the sandy water away.

This he did again and again, till there was nothing left at the bottom of the bowl but a couple of handfuls of heavy fragments, gravel and bits of pebbles, washed beautifully clean.

The perspiration stood in big drops on Larry's forehead as he stepped from the bed of the stream and emptied this out on a big flat-topped stone, the sun shining brightly down and showing that quite one-third of the washed débris was gold—pure gold in scales and fragments that had apparently been run together in nuggets, and what seemed to be rounded pebbles. All these Larry carefully picked from among the stones and transferred to his pocket, which was quite three ounces the heavier. Then, instead of madly rushing off to get more, Larry quietly swept the flat-topped stone clear, and sat himself down, took out and filled an old black pipe, lit up, and began to smoke.

"Let me see," said Larry. "There's no ind ov little pools like that full ov sand an' pebbles, where they've been washed down from up in the mountains, an' goold's worth twinty times as much as silver. All we've got to do, thin, is to go on fishin' it out ov the sand. Bedad, I'll have another thry somewhere else, though!"

Larry picked out a fresh pool just at the junction of another tiny thread-like stream with the one he was in; and here, plunging his arm into the water, he scooped up half a panful of sand from the bottom, stirring it up and agitating it as he did so.

"Bedad, look at thim!" he said, exultingly. "Look at the bits ov goold like bran dancin' about in the wather. Why, I'll lose half ov thim."

Certainly a number of scales were lost by Larry's process, sinking down once more into the sand at the bottom of the pool; but when he had ended there was a bigger nugget at the bottom of his pan than he had found before, lying amidst a score of little fragments and dust.

Still, not satisfied, he went lower down the valley for quite a mile, and experimented twice in likely places, and always with similar results, the whole result being that for his carelessly conducted morning's work Larry had collected eight or nine ounces of gold.

"I wondher where it comes from," said Larry, as he trudged back toward the tent, where he found Dawson and Adams breaking fragments off one of the pieces of silver ore, and placing them in a crucible.

"Come, Larry," said Adams, "we want you badly. You take this discovery as coolly as if it were worth nothing."

"Sure an' I do," said Larry, quietly.

Dawson looked at him in astonishment, as he stood there with his bottom lip protruded, rubbing his chin with his left hand, while his right was thrust deeply into his pocket.

"That's a dale ov throuble and hard work," he said, after a minute.

"Trouble or no, Larry, you'll have to buckle to," said Adams; "so come along, man. Why, it's nearly solid silver."

"Pooh!" said Larry; "an' what's silver?"

"Have you been at the spirits, Larry?" said Dawson, laughing.

"No, Sor; it's at the goolden dhrops I've been; and it's made me think mighty little ov such stuff as that which ye've got to break up an' melt down, an' the rest ov it. Look here," he said, taking a handful of gold from his pockets; "what d'ye say to that?"

"Stream gold, by all that's glorious!" cried Dawson, pitching a lump of silver on one side as though it had been clay.

"Gold!" ejaculated Adams.

"Hapes ov it," cried Larry: "an' I invinted the dishcovery all be meself. There's the little river-bed jist full of it, where it ain't stones an' sand: an' I've thried it all down, an' it's all alike. What d'ye say to yer silver now?"

CHAPTER XVII.

SATIETY.

Hardly a word. With shovels, tin bowls, and a basket, the three men, closely followed by Mrs. Adams and Mary, went down to the pool Larry had dried, and, taking up shovelful by shovelful, washed the sand till the bare rock was reached, and water thrown over it to lay clear the tiny globules, threads, and nuggets of gold lying in its crevices.

Then, when the little rock pool had been thoroughly cleared out, and just as the sun was setting behind the mountains, the party, drenched with perspiration and water, became aware of the fact that they were faint and hungry, while the result—even with their imperfect washing, by which quantities of the finer dust must have passed away—was marvelous: they had collected pounds of gold; and on reaching the hut and tent the first thing done, while the women prepared the food, was to dig a *cache* beneath the rocks, and here was the treasure stored.

As Frank Adams sat in the soft moonlight of that night it seemed to him that it would all turn out some Aladdin's dream of gold and splendor: but no, there was the precious metal beneath their feet, and a short period of such toil would produce as much as they could possibly take away, for there was the wild journey back.

Dawson sat dreamy and quiet, having little to say now that this, the goal of his hopes, had been gained; and Larry lay on his back and smoked as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Well, Larry," said Adams at last, "how do you feel about the discovery?"

"Och, as if harvest was over, yer honor, an' I'd jist been paid," was the reply. "Bad luck to thim rattlesnakes! they won't come down to us by the wather."

"I hope not," was the reply; and soon, after a hearty repast on Larry's trout, the party was indulging in golden dreams of the discoveries of another day.

Silver had become of no value in their eyes; and in the early morning the work began at the rock pools in a quiet, systematic manner—the men baling and washing, and the women picking out the fragments of gold and placing them in little bags, strongly made for the purpose; for it had been decided to have it ready in their *cache* for packing on the mules at a moment's notice. They seemed alone in the world here, and the idea of pursuit had passed away; but there was always the chance that fate might play them some scurvy trick, even at this the most successful hour of their lives.

Pool after pool did they clear as the days wore on, some yielding heavily, some—the shallow ones, where the stream had had greater force—having nothing to show. But the bags filled up and increased in number as they toiled on, giving themselves just enough time for proper rest and refreshment.

"Sure it's a goolden harvest," Larry had said; "an' we ought to work all night."

"And be lazy next day, Larry. No, that won't do."

So the work went on with what would have been wearisome sameness but for the value of each day's toil, and the fact that the question was now beginning to arise whether they had not collected more gold than the mules would be able to carry back.

This was, however, soon set aside: they had their place of concealment, and their policy was decidedly to store up all they could, and take away a fair load, paying second or third visits to the valley as they might need. For that this spot could be allowed to drop out of sight was impossible. There was silver enough there, most likely, to make an emperor wealthy.

Pool after pool, then, was thoroughly explored, always with satisfactory results, and on the average they found that the more they worked upward the more satisfactory became the find. This led to a determination to scale the precipitous sides of the valley, and try and pursue the stream to its source, for here they judged it must pass through the natural treasure hoard from which it filtered the various fragments they had found.

In fact, the thirst for gold somewhat allayed, our adventurers began to grow weary, and to seek to find larger pieces and in a greater quantity than before.

The notion of exploring was no sooner hinted to Larry than he began to make preparations by cutting down a stiff fir-tree or two, which, when trimmed, and a few inches of branch left on either side, made no mean apologies for ladders.

"Bud why not thry the big wather-fall," said Larry, "where there must be more goold washed down in a day 'an in this bit ov a runnel in a thousand years?"

The idea sounded wild, but there was reason in it; and after a short day's toil at washing they started down the cañon to try and explore it, and more carefully examine the rift where the fall, which disappeared in a huge gulf, again came to the surface.

It was a weird journey—one which even a stout-hearted man would have hesitated to make alone. The rocks looked always black and impending to their fall; the place was in semi-obscurity; and ever, making the earth apparently to vibrate, there was the rumble and thunder of the mighty fall. Then, too, the rocks were slippery with the mist which swept along the deeper parts of the cañon in clouds.

On reaching the spot where the water from the fall emerged again to daylight, it was to gaze down into an awful rift, a slip meaning instant death, for the water raged out with a roar, and was churned into white foam by its passage amidst the rugged obstacles in its path. There might have been gold washed down, ground out, and beaten from the rocks, but it must be hurled down the stream for many miles before it could find a ledge where it would stay without being scoured out.

Weary with their clamber, they began to return, when Dawson seemed to grow anxious, and began to urge the others forward.

"What is it?" said Adams, smiling. "Do you want to get back to the treasure? Are you afraid it will take wings?"

"I wanted to get back to our treasures, Frank," said Dawson, gravely. "I don't think we ought to leave them unprotected in a place like this."

"There, don't talk in that blood-curdling way," said Adams, increasing his pace. "I suppose it is foolish, and we have been beguiled by too much safety. This is such an out-of-the-way place, though, that surely there is nothing to fear."

"It is impossible to say," replied Dawson. "Adventurers are getting plentiful now, and there may be dozens seeking gold and silver within a few miles. Then there are the Indians!"

"What fools we were to come!" exclaimed Adams. "Come, Larry, step out."

"Step out!" grumbled he, "whin the place seems to have been made on purpose to punish people who have brought their corns. I'll be close behind ye, gintlemen; so niver mind me."

With the feeling of anxiety always on the increase, they hurried on as fast as their weary limbs would let them, the water-fall roaring on their left, and the strange echo of the hollow sounds seeming to roll down and down the great cañon.

At last they reached the valley, where the caution induced by a desert life made them seek the shelter of the rocks piled up at the entrance, and there scan the valley right and left in search of the danger they felt to be at hand.

But no; there was nothing to see—all was calm and peaceful. The tent and hut were in their sheltered corner, and in the soft glow reflected from the orange-tinted mountain-tops they could see Mary and Mrs. Adams sitting working and enjoying the soft balmy evening air.

"Poor things!" said Dawson, involuntarily, as he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction at seeing all so peaceful.

"Why poor things?" said Adams, smiling.

"It seems so hard a life for them out here in this desert."

"True; but we can soon mend it now. We came to get wealth, Dawson, and we have it."

"Yes," said the other, "and we have been lazy. We have not got half so much as we might have obtained. Frank, we must make them rich, and give them a future that shall make up for this. I have been horribly idle and indifferent, but to-morrow we will begin again."

"Better load up what we have and make our way back."

"No, not yet," said Dawson; "we must have more of that rich red gold. Frank, we must make our hay while the sun shines."

"True; but I am afraid of a coming shower. It seemed but just now that things were darkening for us, and our strange feelings a warning of danger to come."

"Nonsense, man!—the dullness brought on by weariness and the dampness of that cañon. I reckon there was no more in it than that. No; we'll go on collecting for a few days longer, and then pack up and take what we can. The valley may be stripped at our next visit. By-the-way, Larry, how are the mules?"

"The divils have all got as full ov impudence an' laziness as if they'd been born gintlemen, Sor. They kick like grasshoppers, ivery wan ov thim, an' look as fat as butther. They think the valley a wondherful place."

No more was said, and they soon reached the tent, where Adams forbore to ask questions, lest he should excite unreasonable dread.

[to be continued.]

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The story of two brilliant campaigns in Africa is exceedingly well told in Mr. Stanley's new volume, entitled *Coomassie and Magdala*, just published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Stanley is well known as a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, distinguished for his enterprise in the conduct of several important commissions for that journal. He accompanied the English expedition against the stronghold of the barbaric Abyssinian Emperor, and furnished the American and the English public with the earliest and most authentic accounts of the progress and final triumph of the campaign. His next

notable enterprise was the expedition into the wilds of Africa in search of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. On the outbreak of hostilities between the Ashantees and England, Mr. STANLEY was commissioned to accompany the English army on its advance upon Coomassie. The present volume, which is profusely and finely illustrated, contains the story of the two campaigns, written in the lively, picturesque style characteristic of the newspaper correspondent, and giving an unquestionably authentic account of the operations which in each instance resulted in brilliant success. The remarkable contrast between the two expeditions adds interest to the volume. Magdala, the capital of the Abyssinian Emperor, was a town planted on the summit of a mountain, about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, on all sides defended by gigantic peaks separated by profound abysses. It was deemed impregnable. It was four hundred miles from the sea-coast, and the march of the invading army was across a country of indescribable wildness. The campaign was marked with many interesting incidents, especially toward the close. Magdala was captured by assault after a severe battle, fired, and utterly destroyed. The Emperor committed suicide, the captives were released, and the conquerors returned to the sea, flushed with unequaled success, having suffered the smallest loss that could possibly follow the invasion of a hostile country. The story of the campaign against the Ashantees, which forms the first part of the work, is less picturesque than that of Magdala. Coomassie lay in the midst of a deadly jungle, so dense and sickly that large numbers of the invading army fell victims to malaria before the end of the march of one hundred and forty miles through its swamps and thickets. Five days of hard fighting concluded the march, and left Coomassie at the mercy of the conquerors to sack and burn to the ground. As soon as their work was accomplished, the commander of the force was compelled to order an immediate return to the coast to save the remnant of his army from perishing by flood and disease. Mr. STANLEY was an eye-witness of the most stirring incidents of both campaigns, and his account has a freshness and vivacity too often wanting in narratives compiled at second-hand or from official bulletins.

Professor JAMES DE MILLE's new novel, *The Living Link*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is one of the best works of fiction we have yet had from the pen of this popular author. Though full of startling incident and dramatic situation, it presents none of the grotesque humor and extravagance to be found in *The Dodge Club* and *The American Baron*. The story is serious and tragic, but of intense and absorbing interest throughout. It would not be fair to anticipate the reader by an analysis of the plot; let it suffice that after passing through many trials and persecutions, the hero and heroine of the story are rewarded with the happiness so long deferred and so well deserved.

HOLT & Co. have done the lovers of old English literature a good service by publishing a well-executed abridgment of RICHARDSON's *Clarissa Harlowe*. The original comprised about 2400 pages; the abridgment, which is made by simply leaving out superfluous portions, without the change of a single word or the alteration of a sentence, tells the whole story within the compass of about 500 small pages. In this new form we doubt not the pathetic story of "the admirable Clarissa" will become familiar to many readers who would have lacked the courage to take it up in its original form. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon the skillful and conscientious manner in which the editor has performed a difficult and delicate task.

PERSONAL.

WHEN the Columbia boys returned to New York after their triumphant cruise, a battalion of classmates and graduates, headed by President BARNARD, met them at the dépôt and escorted them to the college. The president made them a capital little speech, and Mr. COUDERT, who is happy at that sort of thing, gave them a felicitous welcome. There was much feel-good and shake-hand, also a sufficiency of punch. Those who seemed most delighted were some ancients who graduated in 1774, and a few nimble professors who came in just after the war of 1812. A few trustees were also present, and they too were merry. They were elected when the college was removed from Park Place. But the occasion was in all respects delightful. The usual hic, hæc, hoc will be resumed after vacation.

—The Californians are delighted with a pleasing novelty, a young Sandwich Island beauty, who has an uncommonly fine voice, and who has, with but little training, succeeded in pleasing the rather critical San Francisco musical public. Miss ADELAIDE MILLER is a native Hawaiian, who has been known in the islands for an exquisite voice, and has now come to the United States to receive a more thorough musical training than she could get in the islands. Besides songs in Italian, German, and English, Miss MILLER sang in San Francisco several native island ballads; and the *Alta* speaks of her voice as "clear, fresh, resonant, and sympathetic," and her appearance in the native island costume, while singing the ballads of her own people, as highly attractive. It is to be hoped that this Hawaiian songstress may be tempted to visit New York, and give us Eastern people a taste of her quality. She would certainly attract as a novelty, and as her voice is—as we learn on competent authority—really fine, her appearance here would give us both novelty and merit.

—The Earl of Roseberry, who was in this country last year, and who created so favorable an impression by his abilities and unassuming deportment, is to preside and deliver the inaugural address at the Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, to be held in Glasgow this autumn. The presidents of departments are—Law, Lord MONCRIEF; Education, Lord NAPIER; Health, the Right Hon. LYON PLAYFAIR; Economy and Trade, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. The Earl of Roseberry is regarded as one of the rising young men of the House of Lords, a good debater, a good worker, shrewd and practical, and not a bit of nonsense about him.

—Queen VICTORIA proposes to erect in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, a costly monument to her father, the Duke of Kent. Room has been made by sending the Duke of Beaufort and his monument home to the family estate. A King of the Belgians, whose memory it is deemed no longer essential to preserve, is still in the way, but he is to be put up in the organ-loft.

—SAMUEL WILLISTON, of East Hampton, Massachusetts, who died on the 18th of July, was one of the most benevolent men of New England. Thirty years ago he founded the Williston Seminary, to which he has given $275,000, and by his will it is believed that about $225,000 more will be added. To Amherst College he has been a very liberal giver, endowing two professorships, and his generosity has also been very liberally extended to Iowa College, and Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, at Hadley, Massachusetts.

—Mr. H. M. STANLEY gives it as very decidedly his opinion that no traveling tippler is safe in Africa, and that a man who needs the support of brandy and such is unfit to travel in Africa, and that a drunkard can not stand a tropical climate.

—Mr. THOMAS BANTING, who died recently in England, bequeathed over $300,000 to various charities, and the residue of his estate, valued at $100,000, he left in trust for the establishment of a "Thomas Banting Memorial Institution," to enable convalescents to enjoy the climate and sea-bathing at Worthing.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON celebrated his fortieth birthday in July at his Tabernacle in the presence of a congregation of nearly six thousand admirers.

—The oldest pilot on the Hudson River is JERVIS ENSIGN, now on the *Drew*. He has held a helm for forty years, and knows every rock and shallow from Cortlandt Street to the quay at Albany. He has a boy who acts as assistant, and the two are sometimes alluded to as Old PONS the pilot, and PONTIUS, his son.

—The late JEREMIAH KINGMAN, at Barrington, Massachusetts, bequeathed $40,000 to Phillips Academy, in Exeter, New Hampshire, already one of the most amply endowed and one of the best academies in New England.

—The King of Burmah looks forward to an enormously pleasant time at his recoronation, and will be especially forceful in diamonds for the illumination of his own dress and the dresses of his family. One dress alone is estimated to be worth $100,000.

—Mr. JOSEPH BATTELL, for many years a prominent and successful merchant of this city, and who died a few days since, has bequeathed $10,000 to Middlebury College, from which he graduated in 1823.

—In ex-Senator FOOTE's reminiscences of his public career he speaks of a speech made in 1825 by FRANCIS S. KEY, author of *The Star-spangled Banner*, and of certain peculiarities of person and manner of that gentleman. "He was," says the ex-Senator, "tall, erect, and of admirable physical proportions. There dwelt usually upon his handsome and winning features a soft and touching pensiveness of expression almost bordering on sadness, but which, in moments of special excitement, or when any thing occurred to awaken the dormant heroism of his nature or to call into action the higher powers of his vigorous and well-cultivated intellect, gave place to a bright ethereality of aspect and a noble audacity of tone and gesture which pleased while it dazzled the beholder. His voice was capable of being in the highest degree touching and persuasive. His whole gesticulation was natural, graceful, and impressive, and he was as completely free from every thing like affectation or rhetorical grimace as any public speaker I have known. He had a singular flow of choice and pointed phraseology, such as could not fail to be pleasing to persons of taste and discernment."

—Dean STANLEY, whenever he goes out on a public speech-making, always has something pleasant and piquant to say. The other day, in presiding at the distribution of honors and prizes to the students of the Countess of Huntingdon's Theological College (of which FLETCHER of Madeley was the first president), remarked, apropos of the countess's peculiar religious views, that "all Churches, ancient and modern, had been affected, to their own great benefit, by influences of an external nature; indeed, the Countess of Huntingdon's College might be said to live on the border-land *where the ecclesiastical highlands and lowlands met, and to enjoy all the advantages of that picturesque position.*"

—There are many people in this country who will not be surprised to learn from ex-Mayor MEDILL, of Chicago, who has been spending some time in Austria, that the immense hullabaloo created in the United States in 1851–52 by KOSSUTH was something that might have been altogether omitted without impropriety. Mr. MEDILL says: "The whole thing was about the same as if the Irish landlords should revolt against Queen VICTORIA, and undertake to set up another dynasty in the name of liberty, while not a word was uttered or act done to better the condition of the rack-rent tenants who tilled the soil and lived in destitution, while the landlords enjoyed the fruit of their toil and self-denial. The whole thing was the greatest imposition and fraud ever perpetrated upon the American people in the name of liberty."

—Congressman BECK, of Kentucky, has appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis HUGH R. AYRES, of Frankfort, Kentucky, of whom the following incident is told: "Two years ago HUGH, who was then not quite thirteen years of age, was crossing the bridge which connects North and South Frankfort, with his cousin, a youth two years older than himself. Carpenters were at work repairing the bridge, and a plank near the south end, between the abutment and the first pier, was out of place in the northern footway. The elder of the two boys was in front, a little in advance of HUGH, and not discovering the aperture in the bridge, stepped into it, and fell headlong into the river, forty-six feet below. The workmen and several other persons who witnessed the catastrophe were paralyzed with alarm at the occurrence, and took no steps for the boy's rescue. But HUGH, without hesitating an instant, ran with all speed from the bridge, past the toll-house, to a gate which led to the rear, and thence made his way to the brink of the river, in which, at a distance of twenty feet from shore, his cousin was struggling, having sunk twice. So dangerous did any effort at rescue seem to those on the bridge above that they shouted to HUGH not to go in; but without heeding their remonstrances he plunged into the water, swam to the drowning boy, and brought him safely to shore."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROFESSOR GERVAIS has made a communication upon the teeth of the American reptile known as *Heloderma*. A species of the genus is abundant in Southern Arizona, where it is called a scorpion, and is reputed by the natives to be extremely venomous, although experiments carefully prosecuted by Dr. B. J. D. IRWIN, of the United States army, failed to exhibit any evidence of this fact. There is, as GERVAIS and others have found, a striking relationship between it and some of the poisonous serpents in the possession of a longitudinal furrow on the back part of the teeth, as if to carry poison from a gland. Whether the animal be actually poisonous or not, GERVAIS calls attention to the peculiar structure of the teeth (as shown by the microscope in a cross section), the basal part of which is filled by folds or plications directed outward toward the fine exterior coat of enamel.

As a contribution to the question of the hereditary transmission of physical peculiarities, it may be stated that at a meeting of the Physiological Society of London Mr. E. WARD exhibited two feet of a fawn, the mother of which had double hind-feet, and had for several years brought forth young having the same malformation.

One of the first-fruits of the establishment of Dr. DOHRN's station for marine research at Naples is seen in a memoir by Dr. STIEDA upon the structure of the lancelet (*Amphioxus*), of which he made a large collection, preserving some in spirits and others in chromic acid. This curious animal, which occurs in many parts of the globe, has been the subject of investigation by MÜLLER and other writers; but many important additions to what has been heretofore known have been made by Dr. STIEDA. The structure of the *chorda dorsalis* was carefully examined, and shown to be made up of very elongated fibrous cells, which run obliquely through the chorda, and partly mingle with each other in the transverse direction and partly in the longitudinal extension of the chorda. The sexes can not be distinguished externally, but the microscope determines the question at once, rendering improbable the suggestion of OWEN that the amphioxus may prove to be the larva of some fish.

In a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, Professor JOHN M'CRADY treated of the food and reproductive organs of the oyster, with an account of a new parasite, as observed in oysters taken in Charlestown Harbor. The oyster lives in the mud bottom, imbedded in a thick layer of low organic forms, which covers the whole surface of the mud as a yellowish organic film. The upper portion of this growth is tenanted by diatoms, sporules of algæ, and by rhizopods, of which the former two, at least, seem to form the principal food of the oyster.

In the reproductive organ of these oysters a peculiar entozoon was found, which, in its most advanced stage, is branched, with two long tentacle-like organs at one extremity. This parasite appears completely to destroy for a time the fertility of the oyster; and to its abundance may perhaps be due the seasons of short spawn often noticed by those engaged in the oyster culture. This parasite has been named *Bucephalus cuculus*.

Some experiments have recently been made by EXNER to determine the reaction time of the sensorium, that is to say, the time required to convey an impression along the nerves to the brain, and to convey an order from the brain to any portion of the body, together with the interval required by the brain to deliberate and act. EXNER's method of observation consisted in stimulating some portion of the body, and requiring the person immediately to make a signal by pressing a telegraphic key with the right hand. Marks were produced on a blackened cylinder both at stimulation and at signaling, and the interval was noted by the ordinary methods of the chronograph. The reaction time ranged between thirteen and thirty-six hundredths of a second, and seems independent of age, being shortest in those who have the habit of concentration. The tables also show it to have been shortest when the stimulation was applied to the eye by means of an electric shock, and then follow in order an electric shock given to the finger of the left hand, a sudden sound, an electric shock to the forehead, a shock to the right-hand finger, the sight of an electric spark, and lastly a shock communicated to the toes of the left foot.

An important contribution to American ornithology is found in a paper by Mr. GEORGE N. LAWRENCE upon the birds of Western and Northwestern Mexico, based upon collections made by Messrs. GRAYSON, XANTUS, and BISCHOFF. Although confined principally to the northwestern corner of Mexico, just south of the line of the United States, the number of species observed amounts to 316. Quite a number of these species proved to be new, and were subsequently described by Mr. LAWRENCE himself, Professor BAIRD, and others. The value of the list is much enhanced by selections from notes furnished by Colonel GRAYSON.

A Cambridge Entomological Club was formed on the 9th of January, 1874, by twenty-five gentlemen, residents in and near Cambridge, Massachusetts, having for its object the mutual interchange of discoveries and observations in regard to entomology; and at the fourth monthly meeting, held April 10, it was determined to undertake the publication of a monthly organ, to be called *Psyche*. This will contain such parts of the proceedings of the society as are considered of general interest, communications, lists of captures, and especially a Bibliographical Record, in which will be given a list of all writings upon entomology published in North America, and of all foreign writings upon North American Entomology from the beginning of the year 1874. Each number of the work, which is in octavo form, will contain four pages, to be increased as means will permit, and the subscription, for North America, is to be one dollar a year. The editor is Mr. B. PICKMAN MANN, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The first number contains an article by Mr. SCUDDER, on the English names for butterflies, and the first part of the Bibliographical Record.

The employment of the barometer in the measurement of altitudes has long been recognized as one of the most valuable aids to geographical science that the physical sciences have as yet afforded, and although for works in which the highest accuracy is desired the barometer must, as has been shown by RÜHLMANN and many others, be replaced by the engineer's level, yet for common approximate purposes this instrument in one form or other must always continue to be employed. Its general usefulness, therefore, increases our interest in the history of its application to hypsometry, and while RÜHLMANN and others have dealt with this question very extensively, and from a purely physical point of view, it is particularly interesting to notice a memoir, historical rather than mathematical in its nature, that has been presented to the Academy of Turin by no less a person than Professor GOVI, who has endeavored to secure for Italy the credit of both the invention and the application of the barometer, since it seems that while MARIOTTE did not publish his essay on this subject until 1679, the Torricellian tube had been applied still earlier to hypsometric measures by MONTANARI. MONTANARI, a name new to American students, was born at Modena in 1633, and died in 1687 at Padua. GOVI claims for him the invention of that most beautiful astronomical instrument, the filar micrometer. In an essay on a brilliant meteor that occurred in 1676 MONTANARI explains how he measured the altitude of his own station of observation above the sea by the use of the mercurial barometer, then known only by the name of Torricelli; but even this seems not to have been the first time which he applied the instrument to a similar purpose, for in a letter written in 1671 he speaks of measures made in 1667 upon the summit of Pellegrino, at an altitude of 6500 feet above the Adriatic. The method of computation adopted by MONTANARI is, if we mistake not, peculiar to himself, and is well worthy of introduction into more modern elementary treatises upon the subject. According to an appendix to GOVI's memoir, it seems that MONTANARI's method subsequently found its way into England, and came to the notice of the illustrious HALLEY before he had published his barometric formula.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN was walking down Nassau Street behind two English swells, when he overheard the following conversation: "'Arry, my boy," says one, "what's o'clock?" The other felt for his watch and exclaimed, "By Jove! hi've left hit at 'ome." Then, turning to a boot-black standing by, he said, "My lad, what's o'clock?" "What's a clock?" says the lad; "why, you darned fool, it's a thing as big as your head with hands on it."

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I do wish that this was called *work*, and well paid!"

A Scotch newspaper relates that "a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of *Tullochgorum*, said to him by way of thanks, 'Oh, Sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht.' 'Well,' said Skinner, 'I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have just been so particular as to the time.'"

An old picture represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all;" a bishop, with a legend, "I pray for all;" and a farmer, drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all."

Lord Macaulay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street-folks who were bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished to find himself followed by half a score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Oh, that's a good un," replied one of the boys, "after we've come all this way!" "But what are you waiting for?" said the historian, astonished at the lad's familiarity. "Waiting for! why, ain't you goin' to sing, guv'ner?"

A braggart ran away from battle, and gave as a reason that a friend had written his epitaph, which had an excellent point in it, provided he attained the age of one hundred.

Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, were of antique French extraction. When she had finished, "And now," said the dean, "will you be so kind as to help me to a piece of that D—umpling?"

SONG OF THE RITUALISTS—"Some love to Rome."

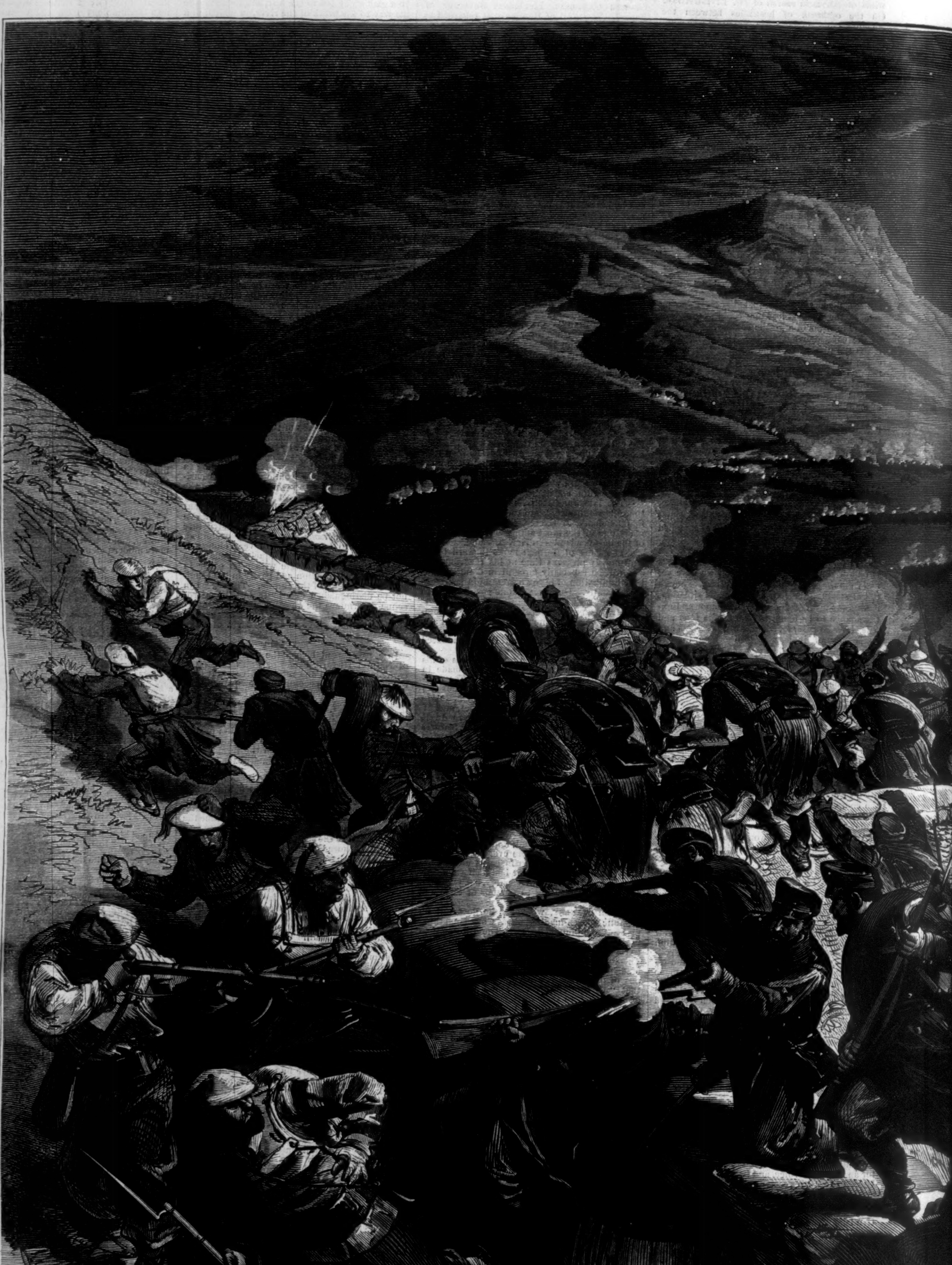
In an Irish paper was an advertisement for horses to stand at livery on the following terms: "Long-tailed horses at 3s. 6d. per week; short-tailed horses at 3s. per week." On inquiry into the cause of the difference it was answered that the horses with long tails could brush the flies off their backs while eating, whereas the short-tailed horses were obliged to take their heads from the manger.

THE BEST BAND TO ACCOMPANY A LADY VOCALIST—A husband.

A countryman was dragging a calf by a rope in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he trated his fellow-cratures.

When Napoleon was a small boy he was asked whether he could tell what nationality he was of, and he indignantly replied, "Of Corsican." When Chang and Eng was a small boy he was asked whether he was a native of Siam, and he indignantly replied, "Of course Siam."

A pensive young man in Wisconsin, while singing "Come, love, come," beneath his Dulcinea's window the other night, had love, music, wind, and every thing else knocked out of him by a something in a long white garment that fell out of a chamber window. It proved to be nobody but his girl, who, in her anxiety to know who was serenading her, leaned too far over the window-sill; hence the result. He says when he sings "Come, love, come," again he will keep away from under the window, as his system can not stand many such shocks.



MARSHAL CONCHA'S LAST VICTORY—STORMING THE HEIGHTS OF GALI

GALI[...]MES.—Drawn on the Spot for Harper's Weekly by Miranda.—[See Page 662.]

BETWEEN THE TWO.

THE vine beneath my window
Runs over the trellis wall,
And climbs to my neighbor's lattice
Up there in the turret tall;
It binds the two together
With a swinging bridge of green,
And many a fluttering footstep
Goes airily between.

The severed winds of heaven
Meet there from south and north,
And the birds from opposite gardens
Flit friendly back and forth:
Ah! why, my beautiful neighbor,
Should we be shy alone?
I have sent you my heart over—
Oh, send me back your own!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

WHEN the supper-table was ready, the servant-girl ran to the porch and rang a large bell, which was kept under one of the benches—a bell that pealed out shrilly over the silent fields. This summons brought home Michael Trevanard, who appeared about five minutes after the peal, pulling down his shirt sleeves, and carrying his coat over his arm, while some stray wisps of hay which hung about his hair and clothes indicated that he had but that moment left the yard where they were building a huge stack, which Humphrey had seen looming large through the dusk as he approached Borcel.

"We've stacked the fourteen-acre piece, mother," said the farmer, as he pulled on his coat, "and a fine stack it is, too, as sweet as a hazelnut. No fear of mildew this year. And now I'll give myself a wash—"

He stopped, surprised at beholding a stranger standing by his hearth. Humphrey had risen to receive the master of the house.

Martin explained the traveler's presence.

"We've taken to lodging-letting since you've been out, father," he said, in his easy way. "This gentleman wants to stay here and to look about the country round for a few days, and as mother thought he'd be company for me, and knew you wouldn't have any objection, she said yes. Mr. Clissold, that's the gentleman's name, is a friend of the family up yonder." An upward jerk of Martin's head indicated the Manor-house.

"Any friend of the Squire's, or any one your mother thinks proper to accommodate, my lad: she's missus here," answered Mr. Trevanard. "You're kindly welcome, Sir."

The farmer went out to some back region, whence was immediately heard an energetic pumping and splashing, and a noise as of a horse being rubbed down, after which Mr. Trevanard re-appeared, lobster-like of complexion, and breathing hard after his rapid exertions.

He was a fine-looking man, with a face which might fairly be supposed to show the blood of the Trevanards, for the features were of a patrician type, and the broad open brow inspired at once respect and confidence. That candid countenance belonged to a man too incapable of deceit to be capable of suspicion—a man whom an artful child might cheat with impunity—a man who could never have grown rich unaided.

Mr. and Mrs. Trevanard, their son, and their guest sat down to supper without delay; but the old blind mother still kept her seat in the shadowy corner, and ate her supper apart. It consisted only of a basin of broth, sprinkled with chopped parsley, in which the old woman sipped slowly, while the rest were eating their substantial meal.

Humphrey had eaten nothing since noon, and did no scant justice to the lordly round of corned beef and home-cured chine, nor to the freshly gathered lettuces, or even the gooseberry pie and clotted cream. He and Martin talked all supper-time, while the house-mother carved, and the farmer abandoned himself to the pleasures of the table, and drank strong cider with easy enjoyment after the toilsome day.

"There's no place like a hay field for making a man thirsty," he said, by way of apology, after one of his deep draughts; "and I can't drink the cat-lap mother sends to the men."

Martin talked of field-sports and boating. He had a little craft of his own, four or five tons burden, and was passionately fond of the water. By-and-by the conversation drifted round to the Squire of Penwyn.

"He rides well," said Martin; "but I don't believe he's overfond of hunting, though he subscribes handsomely to the hounds. I never knew such a fellow for doing every thing liberally. He's bound to be popular, for he's the best master they ever had at the Manor."

"And is he popular?" asked Humphrey.

"Well, I hardly know what to say about that. I only know that he ought to be. People are so hard to please. There are some say they liked the old Squire best, though he wasn't half so generous, and didn't keep any company worth speaking of. He had a knack of talking to people and making himself one of them that went a long way. And then some people remember Mr. George, and seem to have a notion that this man is an interloper. He oughtn't to have come into the property, they say. Providence never could have meant the son of the youngest son to have Penwyn. They're as full of fancies as an egg is full of meat in our parts."

"So it seems. Mrs. Penwyn is liked, I suppose?"

"Yes; she made friends with the poor people in no time. And then she's a great beauty: people go miles to see her when she rides to cover with her husband. There's a sister too, still prettier, to my mind."

Martin promised to show his new friend all that was worth seeing for twenty miles round Borcel. He would have the dog-cart ready early next morning, directly after breakfast, in fact, and six o'clock was breakfast-time at the farm. Humphrey was delighted with the friendly young fellow, and thought that he had stumbled upon a very agreeable household.

Mrs. Trevanard was somewhat stern and repellent in manner, no doubt, but she was not absolutely uncivil, and Mr. Clissold felt that he should be able to get on with her pretty well.

She had said grace before meat, and she stopped the two young men in their talk presently, and offered a thanksgiving after the meal. It was a long grace, Methodistical in tone, with an allusion to Esau's mess of pottage, which was brought in as a dreadful example of gluttony.

After this ceremonial Mrs. Trevanard went up stairs to superintend the preparation of the stranger's apartment. The grandmother vanished at the same time, spirited away by the serving-wench, who led her out by a little door that opened near her corner, and the three men drew round the hearth, lighted their pipes, and smoked and talked in a very friendly fashion for the next half hour or so. They were talking merrily enough when Mrs. Trevanard came down stairs again, candle in hand. She had taken out one of the old silver candlesticks, which had been part of her dower, in order to impress the visitor with a proper notion of her respectability.

"Your room's ready, Mr. Clissold," she said, "and here's your bedroom candle."

Humphrey took the hint, and bade his new friends good-night. He followed Mrs. Trevanard up the broad, bulky old staircase, and to the end of a corridor. The room into which she led him was large, and had once been handsome, but some barbarian had painted the oak paneling pink, and the wood-carving over the fire-place had been defaced by the industrious knives of several generations of school-boys; there was a good deal of broken glass in the lattices, and a general air of dilapidation. A fire burned briskly in the wide, basket-shaped grate, and, though it brightened the room, made these traces of decay all the more visible.

"It's a room we never use," said Mrs. Trevanard, "so we haven't cared to spend money upon it. There's always enough money wanted for repairs, and we haven't need to waste any upon fanciful improvements. The place is dry enough, for I take care to open the windows on sunny days, and there's nothing better than air and sun to keep a room dry. I had the fire lighted to-night for cheerfulness' sake."

"You are very kind," replied Humphrey, pleased to see his knapsack on a chair by the bed, "and the room will do admirably. It looks the pink of cleanliness."

"I don't harbor dirt, even in unused rooms," answered Mrs. Trevanard. "It needs a mistress's eye to keep away cobwebs and vermin, but I've never spared myself trouble that way. Good-night, Sir."

"Good-night, Mrs. Trevanard. By-the-way, you've no ghosts here, I think your son said."

"I hope both you and he know better than to believe any such rubbish, Sir."

"Of course, only this room looks the very picture of a haunted chamber, and if I were capable of believing in ghosts I should certainly lie awake on the look-out for one to-night."

"Those whose faith is surely grounded have no such fancies, Sir," replied Mrs. Trevanard, severely, and closed the door without another word.

"The room looks haunted, for all that," muttered Humphrey, and then involuntarily repeated those famous lines of Hood's:

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is Haunted."

The bedstead was a four-poster, with tall, spirally twisted posts, and some dark drapery, which looked shrunken with age, and too small for the wooden frame-work. There was an old-fashioned press or wardrobe of black wood, whose polished surface reflected the fire-light. A corner wash-hand stand of more modern make, and a clumsy-looking chest of drawers between the windows, surmounted by a cracked looking-glass, completed the furniture of the room. The boards were uncarpeted, and showed knots and dark patches in the worm-eaten wood, which a morbid fancy might have taken for blood stains.

"Not a cheerful-looking room by any means, even with the aid of that blazing fire," thought Humphrey.

He opened one of the casements and looked out. The night air was soft and balmy, perfumed with odors of clover and the newly stacked hay. The Atlantic lay before him, shining under the great red moon, which had but just risen: a pleasanter prospect this than the bare walls of faded dirty pink, the black clothes-press, and funereal four-poster.

Humphrey lingered at the window, his arms folded on the broad ledge, his thoughts wandering idly—wandering back to last year and the moonlight that had shone upon the cathedral towers of Eborsham, the garden of the Waterfowl Inn, and the winding river.

"Poor James!" he mused; "how happy that light-hearted fellow might have been at Penwyn Manor—how happy, and how popular! He would have had the knack of pleasing people with that frank, easy kindness of his, and would have made friends of half the county. And if he had married that actress girl? A folly, no doubt, but who knows if all might not have ended happily? There was nothing vulgar or low about that girl—indeed, she had the air of one of nature's gentlewomen. It would have been a little difficult for her to learn all the duties of a châtelaine, perhaps—how to order a dinner and whom to invite, the laws of precedence, the science of morning calls. But if James loved her, and chose her from all other women for his wife, why should he not have been happy with her? I was a fool to oppose his fancy—a worse fool for leaving him. He might be alive now, perhaps, but for that wild-goose journey of mine."

Here his thoughts took another turn. They went back to that train of circumstances which had brought about his absence from Eborsham on the night of James Penwyn's murder.

It was past midnight when Humphrey Clissold roused himself from that long reverie, and prepared for peaceful slumber in the funereal bed. His fire had burned low by this time, and the red glow of the expiring embers was drowned in the full splendor of the risen moon, whose light silvered the bare boards, and brought into strong relief those stains and blotches upon the wood which looked so like the traces of ancient murder. The bed was luxurious, for there was no stint of feathers at Borcel End; yet Humphrey wooed the god of sleep in vain. He began to think that there must be some plumage of game birds mingled with the stuffing of his couch, and that, soft and deep as it was, this was one of those beds upon which a man could neither sleep nor die comfortably.

"I ought to be tired enough to sleep on a harder bed than this, considering the miles I've walked to-day," thought Humphrey.

It may have been that he was overtired, or it may have been that flood of silver light streaming through the diamond panes of yonder lattice: whatever might be the reason of his restlessness, sleep came not to straighten his unquiet limbs, to steep his wandering thoughts in her cool waters of forgetfulness.

He heard a distant clock—in the hall where he had supped, most likely—strike two, and just at this time a gentle drowsiness began to steal over him. He was just falling deep down into some sleepy hollow, soft as a bed of poppies, when his door was opened by a cautious hand, and a light footstep sounded on the floor. He was wide awake in a minute, and without moving from his recumbent position, drew the dark curtain back a little way and looked toward the door. The shadow of the curtain fell upon him as he lay, and the bedstead looked unoccupied.

"The ghost!" he said to himself, with rather an awful feeling. "I knew there must be one in such a room—or perhaps the house is on fire, and some one has come to warn me."

No; that wanderer through the deep of night had evidently no business with Mr. Clissold—nay, was unconscious of, or indifferent to, the fact of his existence. The figure slowly crossed the floor, with a light step, but a little sliding noise, as of a foot ill shod, a slipper down at heel.

It came full into the moonlight presently, between the bedstead and the two windows.

"Ay, verily a ghost," thought Humphrey, with a feeling like ice-cold water circulating slowly through every artery in his body.

Never had he seen, or conceived within his mind, a figure more spectral, yet with a certain wild beauty in its ghastliness. He raised himself in his bed, still keeping well within the shadow of the curtains, and watched the spectre with eyes which seemed endowed with a double power of vision in the thrilling intensity of that moment.

The spectre was a woman's form; tall, slender—nay, so wasted that it seemed almost unnaturally tall. The face was death-pale in that solemn light, the eyes large and dark, the hair ebon black, and falling in long loose masses over the white garment, whose folds were straight as those of a winding-sheet. So might the dead risen from a new-made grave have looked.

The figure went straight to one of the casements—that furthest from the bed, and at right angles with it—unfastened the hasp and flung the window wide open. She drew a chair close to the open window, and kneeled upon it, resting her arms on the sill, and leaning out of the window, as if watching for some one to come, thought Humphrey, that frozen blood of his beginning to thaw a little.

"Those actions seem too deliberate and real for a ghost," he told himself. "Phantoms must surely be soundless. Now I heard the slipshod feet upon the floor. I heard the scrooping of the chair. I can see a gentle heaving of the breast under that white shroud. *Ergo* my visitor is not a ghost. Who can she be? Not Mrs. Trevanard assuredly, nor the old blind grandmother, nor the buxom lass who waited on us at supper. I thought those were all the womenkind in the house."

A heavy sigh from that unearthly looking intruder startled him—a sigh so long, so full of anguish, so like the utterance of some lost soul in pain! Difficult not to yield to superstitious fear as he gazed at that kneeling figure, with its long dark hair and delicate profile sharply outlined against the black shadow of the deep-sunk casement.

Again came the sigh, despairing, desolate.

"Oh, my love, my love, why don't you come back to me?" The words broke like a cry of despair from those pale lips. Not loud was the sorrowful appeal, but so full of pain that it touched the listener's heart more deeply than the most passionate burst of louder grief could have done.

"Dear love, you promised, you promised me. How could I have lived if I hadn't thought you would come back?"

Then the tone changed. She was no longer appealing to another, but talking to herself, hurriedly, breathlessly, with ever-increasing agitation.

"Why not to-night? Why shouldn't he come back to-night? He was always fond of moonlight nights. He promised to be true to me, and stand by me, come what might. No harm should ever come to me. He swore that, swore it with his arms round me, his eyes looking into mine. No man could be false, and yet look as he looked, and speak as he spoke."

Silence for a brief space, and then a sudden cry—a sharp anguish-stricken cry, as of a broken heart.

"Who said he was dead and gone—dead and gone years ago? The world wouldn't look as bright as it does if he were dead. He loved the moonlight. Could you shine, false moon, if he were dead?" Again a pause; and then, in a slower, more thoughtful tone, as if doubts disturbed that demented brain, "Was it last year he used to come—last year, when we were so happy together—last year, when—"

A sudden burst of tears interrupted the sentence. The woman's face fell forward on her folded arms, and the frail body was shaken by her sobs.

Humphrey Clissold no longer doubted his visitant's humanity.

This was real grief, perchance real madness. For a little while he had fancied it a case of somnambulism; but the eyes which he had seen lifted despairingly to that moon-lit sky had too much expression for the eyes of a somnambulist.

For a long time—or time that seemed long to Clissold's mind—the woman knelt by the window, now silent, motionless as an inanimate figure, now talking rapidly to herself, anon invoking that absent one whose broken promises were perhaps the cause of her wandering wits. Never had the young man beheld a more piteous spectacle. It was as if one of Wordsworth's most pathetic pastorals were here realized. His heart ached at the sound of those heart-broken sighs. This flesh-and-blood sorrow moved him more deeply than any spectral woe. This was no ghostly revisitant of earth, who acted over agonies dead and gone, but a living, loving woman, who mourned a lost or a faithless lover.

At last, with one farewell look seaward, as if it were along yon moon-lit track across the waves she watched for the return of her lover, this new Hero turned from the casement, closed it carefully and quietly, and then slowly left the room. Humphrey heard that slipshod foot going slowly along the passage, until the sound dwindled and died in the distance.

He fancied sleep would have been impossible after such a scene as this; but perhaps that overstrained attention of the last hour had exhausted his wakefulness, for he fell off presently into a sound slumber, from which he was only awakened by a friendly voice outside his door saying, "Six o'clock, Mr. Clissold! If you want the long round I promised you last night, we ought to start at seven."

"All right," answered Humphrey, as gayly as if no uncanny visitor had shortened his slumbers; "I'll be with you in half an hour."

He kept his word, and was down in the hall, or family sitting-room, just in time to hear the noisy old eight-day clock strike the half hour, with a slow and laborious groaning of its inward anatomy, as if fast subsiding into dumbness and decrepitude. Mr. Trevanard had breakfasted an hour ago, and gone forth to his hay-makers. Mrs. Trevanard was busy about the house, but the old blind grandmother sat in her corner plying those never-resting needles, just as she had sat, just as she had knitted, last night, with no more apparent share or interest in the active life around her than the old clock had.

There was a liberal meal ready for the stranger. Last night's round of beef, and a Cornish ham, archetype of hams, adorned the board, but were only intended as a reserve force in case of need, while the breakfast proper consisted of a dish of broiled ham and eggs, and another of trout, caught a hundred yards or so from the house that morning. Home-baked bread, white and brown, a wedge of golden honey-comb, and a plate of strawberries, counted for nothing.

Both young men did justice to the breakfast, which they ate together, making the best use of the half hour allotted for the meal, and not talking so much as they had done last night at the more leisurely evening repast.

"I hope you slept pretty well," said Martin, when he had taken the edge off a healthy appetite, and was trifling with a slice of cold ham.

"Not quite so well as I ought to have done in so comfortable a bed. My brain was a little overactive, I believe."

"Ah, that's a complaint I don't suffer from. Father says I haven't any brains. I tell him brains don't grow at Borcel End. One year is so like another that we get to be a kind of clock-work, like poor old granny yonder. We get up every morning at the same hour, look out of our windows to see what sort of weather it is, eat and drink, and walk about the farm, and go to bed again, without using our minds at all from the beginning to the end of the business. Father and I brighten up a little on market days, but for the rest of our lives we might just as well be a couple of slow-going machines."

"There is nothing drowsy or mechanical about your mother's nature, I should think, in spite of the quiet life you all lead here."

"No; mother's mind is a candle that would burn to waste in a dark cellar. Her blood isn't poppy-juice, like the Trevanards'. Do you know that my father has never been as far as Plymouth one way, or as far as Penzance the other way, in his life. He has no call to go, he says, so he doesn't go. He squats here upon his land like a toad, and would if his life was to be three-score and ten centuries instead of as many years."

"You would like a different kind of life, I dare say," suggested Humphrey.

The young man's bright eye reminded him of

a caged squirrel's—a wild, free-born creature, longing for the liberty of forests and untrodden groves.

"Yes, if I could have chosen my own life, I would have been a soldier, like George Penwyn."

"To die by the hands of savages."

"Yes, they say he had a hard death; that those copper-colored devils scalped him, tied him to a tree, tortured him. His soldiers went mad with revenge, and roasted some of the miscreants alive afterward, I believe; but that wouldn't bring the captain to life again."

"Do you remember him?"

"Well. He used to come fishing in our water—the very stream that trout came out of this morning. I was a little chap of eight or nine years old when the captain was last home, and used to catch flies for him, and carry his basket many a time, and loaf about with him half the day through; and many a half crown has he given me, for he was an open-handed fellow always, and one of the handsomest, pleasantest young men I ever remember seeing: when I say young I suppose he must have been past thirty at this time, for he was the oldest of the three brothers, and Balfour, the youngest, had been married ever so many years. But here's the trap, and we'd better be off. Good-by, granny."

The old woman gave a hoarse chuckle of response, marvelously like the internal rumbling of the ancient clock.

"Good-morning, ma'am," said Humphrey, anxious to be civil, but of his salutation the dame took no notice.

The horse, though clumsily built, and not unacquainted with the plow, was a good goer. The two young men had soon left Borcel End behind them, down in its sleepy hollow, and were driving over the fair green hills.

"Now to fathom the mystery of last night's adventure," thought Humphrey, when they were out of sight of Borcel. "I think I can venture to speak pretty freely to this good-natured young man."

He meditated a few minutes, and then began the attack.

"When you asked me at breakfast how I rested last night I didn't give you quite a straightforward answer," he said. "There was a reason for my not getting a full allowance of sleep which I didn't care to speak of till you and I were alone."

"Indeed!" said Martin Trevanard, looking round at him sharply. "What was that?"

There was a lurking anxiety in that keen glance of scrutiny, Humphrey Clissold thought.

"Some one came into my room in the dead of the night—a woman," said Humphrey Clissold, in answer to that question of Martin Trevanard's. "At first I almost thought she was a ghost. I was never so near yielding to superstitious terror in my life. But I soon discovered my mistake, and that the poor soul was only a living, suffering fellow-creature."

"I am very sorry such a thing should have happened," said Martin, gravely. "She ought to be better taken care of. The person you saw must have been my unfortunate sister."

"Your sister?"

"Yes. She is ten years older than I, and not quite right in her mind. But she is perfectly harmless—has never in her life attempted to injure any one—not even herself, poor soul, though her own existence is dreary enough; and neither my father nor my mother will consent to send her away to be taken care of. Our old doctor sees her now and then, and doesn't call her mad. She is only considered a little weak in her intellect."

"Has she been so from childhood?" asked Humphrey.

"Oh dear, no. She went to school at Helstone, and was quite an accomplished young woman, I believe—played the piano, and painted flowers, and was brought up quite like a young lady; never put her hand to dairy-work, or any thing of the kind. She was a very handsome girl in those days, and father and mother were uncommonly proud of her. I can just remember her when she first came from school. I was always hanging about her, and I used to think she was like a beautiful princess in a fairy tale. She was very good to me, told me fairy stories, and sung to me in the twilight. Many a time I've fallen asleep in her lap, lulled by her sweet voice, when I was a little chap of seven or eight. There were only us two, and she was very fond of me. Poor Muriel!"

"What was it brought about such a change in her?"

"Well, that's a story I never quite got to the bottom of. It's a sore subject even with father, who's easy enough to deal with about most things. And as to mother, you have but to mention Muriel's name to make her look like thunder. Yet she's never unkind to the poor soul. I know that."

"Does your sister live among you when you are alone?"

"No; she has a little room over granny's, with a little old-fashioned staircase leading up to it—a room quite cut off from the rest of the house. You can't reach it except by coming through granny's bedroom, which is on the ground-floor, you must understand, on account of the old lady's weak legs. Now one of poor Muriel's fancies is to roam about the house in the middle of the night, especially moonlight nights, for the moonlight makes her wakeful. So, as a rule, granny locks her door of a night. However, I suppose, last night the old lady forgot, in consequence of the excitement caused by your arrival, and that's how you happened to have such an uncomfortable night."

"You haven't told me even the little you do know as to the cause of your sister's state."

"Haven't I? All I know is what my father told me once. She was crossed in love, it seems—loved some one rather above her in station—and never got over it. That comes of being constant to one's first fancy."

"You say she lives in a room by herself. Does she never have air or exercise?"

"Do you imagine us barbarians? Yes, she roams about the old, neglected gardens just as she pleases, but never goes beyond. She has a pretty clear notion that it is her beat, poor girl, and I've never known her break bounds. Mother fetches her in-doors at sunset, and gives her her supper, and sees that she's comfortable for the night, and tries to keep her clothes decent and tidy, but the poor soul tears them sometimes, when her melancholy fit is upon her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	2.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	9.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

The Methodists having held, at Round Lake, a fraternal meeting, opened another at the Sea Cliff Grove, Long Island, on Thursday, July 23. On the evening of that day a formal reception was given to the bishops and other representatives of the Methodist Church South in the spacious parlors of the Sea Cliff Hotel. An address of welcome was made by Bishop Janes, to which there were appropriate responses from Bishops Kavanaugh and Doggett, and the Rev. Drs. Leroy M. Lee, T. B. Sargent, and J. Poisal. All these gentlemen expressed themselves as highly delighted with the friendliness manifested by all whom they met toward both themselves and the Southern people. The meeting lasted till late in the night, and left a delightful impression on the minds of all who were present.

It is the work of the "American Education Society," which is sustained by the Congregational churches of the United States, to give aid to candidates for the Christian ministry. It appears from its report for the year 1873 that there are seven theological seminaries identified with the Congregationalists. These had during the year the following number of students: Andover, 74; Bangor, 26; New Haven, 94; Hartford, 28; Chicago, 55; Oberlin, 47; Pacific, 5. Total, 329. Of these 211 were college graduates, and 118 had received only a partial or no collegiate education.

The entire number of theological students assisted during 1873 by the Education Society was 361; 280 of them received quarterly payments. The receipts for 1873 were $33,379, and the expenditures $31,685. The aid granted to each student amounted to $100 yearly. "The students are required to report their earnings outside of this aid. These amounted in 1873 to $41,264," making about one dollar and a half earned to each dollar given.

The bicentenary commemoration of the birth of Isaac Watts took place in his native town, Southampton, England, July 17. In the same town a statue of this immortal singer was unveiled in July, 1861. The first edition of his hymns was published in 1707. An edition was brought out by Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia, as early as 1741. It is computed that 50,000 copies have for a long period been annually published in Great Britain and America.

The council of the "Union of American Hebrew Congregations" held its annual meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, Tuesday, July 14. It was announced that the minimum amount required for the opening of the "Hebrew Theological Institute" had been secured. It was proposed also to issue a cheap English version of the Bible.

The condition of Christianity in Japan becomes every year more interesting. There are said to be twenty Christians among the government officers employed at the capital. Hatake Yama, one of the natives who professed Christianity in America, is at the head of the Bureau of Instruction. At Yokohama the missionaries have perfect freedom to carry on their work. The position of Christian missionaries in the empire is thus explained by the Rev. Nathan Brown in a letter to the Chicago *Standard:* "Theoretically, missionaries are still confined to treaty limits, and those who obtain a foothold outside these limits are understood to go as teachers, physicians, or in some other capacity separate from their missionary calling. Lately a decree of the government authorizes the Japanese to employ as teachers whomsoever they choose, but permission must be obtained in each case from the Bureau of Instruction. One of the Wesleyan missionaries is teaching a class of native inquirers at the capital, on the very spot where stood the old inquisition or prison, where so many Roman Catholic missionaries and converts were incarcerated for the purpose of extorting from them information and recantation. The occupant of the ground, an enlightened and liberal Japanese, but not a professor of Christianity, has resolved not to part with it except for the purpose of erecting a Christian church, whenever one is wanted.

No charities are of more importance than the sustentation schemes, which contemplate the procuring of a full support for ministers who are in charge of feeble churches. In England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States simultaneous movements are going on to increase in this direction the liberality of the Protestant churches. In the Presbyterian Church of the United States the plans of the "Committee on Sustentation" have been in operation for two and a half years. In that time the contributions have been $154,738; the contributions for 1873 were $63,944. Two hundred and sixty-six pastors received the benefits of the fund; one hundred and fifty-five churches reported an increase in the sum total of their contributions for the support of their pastors of $44,560. Before receiving help each church is required to pay for the support of its pastor up to a certain rate per member.

The principles on which this plan of sustentation rests are so sound that they deserve to be copied by all the churches. They are: "First, that those whom God calls to preach the Gospel and gives to His Church are to be supported by the Church. The second principle is one which grows out of the unity of the Church and the law of brotherhood which Christ has instituted. That is, the minister may claim his support from the whole Church, and not simply from the particular congregation which he is called to serve. Each minister belongs to the whole Church, and the whole Church is to be held responsible for his work and its just reward."

The discussion of the Duke of Richmond's bill for the abolition of patronage in the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, which is now going on in the House of Commons, has been signalized by the first speech of importance that has been delivered by Mr. Gladstone since his retirement from office. His chief objection to the bill was that it brought Scotland one step nearer to disestablishment. The discussion recalls to mind the predictions made by Lord Cockburn when the Free Church separated from the State Kirk in 1843. He said of this: "It is the greatest fact that has yet occurred for all the enemies of ecclesiastical establishment. The mitres of England may tremble for it. If it be true that the Church of England can not be destroyed without revolution, this is the most revolutionary event in modern British history. Protestantism was our first Reformation; Presbytery our second; this erection of Presbytery freed from the state is our third."

These words, as far as they apply to Scotland, are already verified. By the terms of the new bill the congregations elect the pastors, so that the connection of the state will only appear in the grant of stipends. The London *Guardian*, the organ of the moderate Churchmen, admits the effect which the passage of this bill will have on patronage in the English establishment. It says: "We believe that in England public opinion, if it be not as earnest and unanimous as we could wish, nevertheless does demand, and will sustain, any thoughtful and energetic attempt to cut away flagrant abuses, and to give the parishioners at least some power of appeal against unworthy or unfit presentees. If this be so, then the example of the abolition of purchase in the army shows conclusively that no amount of practical difficulty, no strength of vested interest, can long stand in the way of reform."

Some curious facts about the English trade in manuscript sermons are furnished by the *Rock*, of London. The dealers in these wares advertise usually in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. One device is for short-hand writers to take down the sermons of living preachers, and to sell them to other preachers. This the *Rock* calls a new sort of professional piracy and ecclesiastical plagiarism. "An Oxford graduate strictly confines his sale to the clergy." Another offers "three hundred sermons to be sold cheap." Another the same number, "very cheap." Another, "Original sermons in MS., for the exclusive use of the clergy, plain in style, earnest in tone, sound in doctrine, and suited to the present state of the Church." Another, "Plain, sound, practical, monthly and quarterly series—now ready—four for July. Occasionals on all subjects, club, funeral, choir, Curate's Aid, etc." Then comes a puff pathetic and extraordinary: "*Unusual opportunity.* Three hundred superior, well-written MS. sermons, all strictly original, and preached only once. The author's widow wishes to sell them." Another M.A. "furnishes sermons at seven shillings per dozen, post free;" but "a club sermon must be twelve stamps." Once more: "*Sixty very choice sermons* (rather short) in large hand; price £3 3s."

The *Rock*, being Low-Church, thinks that it is the Anglo-Catholics who are the principal customers of these sermon-sellers. We suspect that the buyers come from all parties and schools of the Church.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How many little children have no vacation during the trying months of July, August, and September! "Vacation!" exclaims some model parent—"vacation from what? They don't do any thing." Do they not, indeed? No brain is busier than that of a bright child of three or four years old. The little ones need a vacation in the same ways that we do ourselves: change of air, diet, and surroundings, if it may be; certainly novelty in amusements, special attention to bodily comfort, freedom from mental excitement, and relaxation from the rigor of parental discipline. Many well-meaning parents forget how susceptible the child is to the oppressive effects of summer heat; they forget that fretfulness and lax obedience are often not the results of a perverse will, but the direct and natural indications of physical weariness and discomfort, and the little creatures have not lived long enough to know how to bear their sufferings with entire patience. For the most part, the parents have not lived long enough either. Let mothers and fathers be more than ordinarily forbearing toward their young children during the months when the heat is wearing—the months that are so fatal to the little ones. What matter if they are sometimes peevish and languid in their obedience? How much better do we ourselves? Comfort and guide them, but be chary of punishing. A tepid sponge bath will be better than a whipping; a simple story told will be more soothing than a scolding; a daily nap, clean, fresh under-clothing, and nourishing food are more potent to make a child good during August than the sternest discipline. All need to relax effort somewhat during the midsummer, the children no less than adults. Let them have such freedom as is possible, consult their tastes and inclinations, do not be vexed too much even with their unreasonable whims, but deal tenderly and carefully with them. So, perchance, a wise sympathy will preserve through the perils of summer some delicate little ones whom a rigorous discipline would have destroyed.

About twenty miles from New York, on the Northern New Jersey Railroad, is "Norwood"—a pleasant village, which would have been named "Northwood," it is said, except for Henry Ward Beecher's well-known novel. The peculiarity of this place, according to report, is that mosquitoes are there unknown; we have seen it asserted that the inhabitants do not even know how to spell the name of this vexatious insect. Norwood possesses a commodious hotel, whither many who enjoy a quiet, comfortable summer abode resort with their families.

Grasshoppers are a burden in one part of the country, and caterpillars devastate another. In the cotton-growing districts of Florida the caterpillar is making dreadful havoc among the crops.

Astronomers differ about the length of Coggia's tail. Only a little mistake in multiplication probably, as it is only a difference of some 20,000,000 miles. That is nothing, surely, in the tail of a comet!

An English journal has the following bit of dry wit: "The latest curiosity submitted to us for inspection is a small quantity of genuine *rain!* It was preserved in a carefully corked bottle, and really looked like rain. It was said to have been collected at Salisbury, between eight and half past eight on Wednesday morning last."

A carriage-way is to be built between the Overlook Mountain House and the Catskill Mountain House, a distance of about twelve miles. In one place this road will pass through a notch where the mountains tower up each side over 2000 feet from the road-bed, so nearly perpendicular that they shut out the light and heat of the sun the greater portion of the year.

The little fellow who lately tumbled into a pond, but managed to crawl out before any one reached him, believed in works as well as in faith. Pale and dripping, he was prepared for bed by his mother, who, having quieted him down, suggested that he should thank God for having saved him. The youngster thoughtfully replied, "Yes, I s'pose God did save me, but then I held on to the gwass too."

A delinquent clerk, wanted by the Liverpool police, was known to have a taste for music, and the detectives watched for him with opera-glasses, and picked him out among the four thousand singers at the Handel Festival rehearsal.

The law by which patents may be extended by the Commissioner of Patents will expire on the 2d of March next, after which time all patents will be limited to seventeen years. As notice of application is required to be published ninety days prior to a hearing, the time in which applications can be filed will consequently expire on the 2d of December of the present year.

Madame Nilsson, assisted by several prominent singers, has recently given a morning concert in London in aid of the Westminster Training-School and Home for Nurses.

A tragic tale comes from Montague County, Texas. A well-to-do farmer living in Missouri became restless, and emigrated with his family to the wild lands of Texas. He pitched his tent a few miles from any habitation, near a good spring, and remained there a few days without any fear of danger. But one day the eldest daughter, seventeen years of age, went to the spring for a pail of water. The mother heard one terrible scream, and then the retreating tramp of the horses of the Comanches. Pursuit was made as soon as possible, and the Indians overtaken. But in the fight which ensued the unfortunate captive was killed by the savages.

Marshal Bazaine seems to be resigned to his lot, although, contrary to what was generally expected, he is undergoing real and severe detention. He is confined within the fort, and only walks upon the terrace. The view from the terrace is extensive. Madame Bazaine can leave the fort when she pleases, but a special permission from the Minister of the Interior is needed to re-enter the fort.

In the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, the only prison in which the "separate system" of confinement is practiced, there are six hundred and thirty-six prisoners. On entering each person is placed in a small stone room, some regular work is given him to do therein, and there he is forced to stay, alone, until the term of confinement, be it months or years, has expired.

Much has been done to improve the condition of Rome, and much still remains to be done. The latest project is the embankment of the Tiber, which has been long talked of, and is now likely to be carried into execution.

The London *Times*, in an article upon hydrophobia, says that the stories about this disease occurring seven years or twenty years after a bite are probably in most cases fables; and, if not fables, they at least show that the disease may arise spontaneously; but yet there is no certainty with regard to the period of time at which it can be said that all danger has ceased. According to the best authorities, when two months have elapsed the person bitten by a rabid animal may entertain a well-grounded hope of escape, and after ninety days the occurrence of hydrophobia is almost exceptional.

In Southwestern Minnesota the grasshoppers have desolated large sections of country. In an article upon this plague the St. Paul *Press* says:

"After completing the work of desolation in one district, which they covered in an irregular column of more than seventy-five miles in width, they rose in vast swarms which overspread the heavens and darkened the sun like a snow-cloud, and after a flight of about four hours toward the north, they settled down again upon the crops of another district, and swept them as clean of vegetation as prairie fires sweep the autumnal grass. Whatever patches they left undevoured seem likely to be mowed down by the younger swarms they have left behind them, and which have not yet taken their flight. The extent of the destruction they have already wrought is frightful."

A remarkable case has been recently tried in London. A young man was charged with the murder of an aunt with whom he had always been on the most friendly terms. She was found hanging to the balusters of the house where herself and the prisoner's mother and sister lived, her feet touching the ground. The accused told three different persons that he hung his aunt, but the evidence was otherwise, and the jury acquitted him, with the belief that, upon his going hastily into the house, he became so surprised and alarmed at the sight of the dead woman that he was seized with the hallucination that he himself had hanged her.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL CONCHA.—Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Miranda.—[See Page 662.]

SKETCHES AT OUR HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY.

MARSHAL CONCHA'S LAST VICTORY.

The drawing for our double-page illustration was made upon the battle-field of Galdames by M. Miranda, a Spanish artist of distinction, gifted with a special talent for depicting stirring and tragical scenes. He was not only an eye-witness of the magnificent feat of generalship which resulted in raising the siege of Bilbao by the Carlist forces, but after the heights of Galdames had been stormed rode over the field of battle in company with Marshal Concha, and by the aid of his criticism verified all the details of his sketches. His drawing is therefore invaluable not only as a picturesque work of art, but as a contribution to the history of the war which is desolating some of the fairest provinces of Spain.

Bilbao, or Bilboa, as the name is sometimes written, one of the oldest cities of Spain, and the chief town of the Province of Biscay, lies on the river Nervion, six miles from its mouth at Portugalete. It is inclosed by lofty mountains, and both for situation and picturesque architecture is accounted one of the most attractive cities of Spain. Early in the present year the Carlist forces occupied strong positions on the heights surrounding Bilbao, and repulsed every attempt to push them from their vantage-ground. They numbered about 20,000 men, under General Elio, well armed, with the exception of artillery, in which they were deficient.

The Carlist forces made the most of their position. Their intrenchments seemed to be impregnable, and would have been so had they been defended by artillery. They rose gradually one above another, as may be seen in our engraving, and most of them communicating with each other by zigzags and covered ways far up the mountain-side; and before assaulting troops could get to the top of the mountain, and drive away the last of the Carlists, so as to be able to push safely on without having an enemy firing down upon their heads, they would perhaps have to carry thirty such intrenchments. Some of them were natural—a ledge of scarped rock doing as good duty as the best barricade; sometimes only a few palisades were required to stop a dangerous gap. When the ground happened to be too level or open, artificial fortifications were thrown up. Along the line of a railway made by an English company to bring ore from the Galdames mines there was an immensely strong breastwork, admirably put together, with materials taken all ready to hand from the railway itself. To carry such a breastwork alone, supposing it fairly protected, would involve a terrible loss of life. Yet such a movement was made in order to carry the fortifications on the heights of Somorrostro, where the Carlists were strongly intrenched. The Republican forces moving from Portugalete were able to push their way up the gradually ascending hollow, and to make straight for Bilbao. As the hills occupied by the Carlists converge toward the upper—that is, the Bilbao—end of the hollow, near the village of Murietta and the Church of San Pedro de Abanto, the key of the Carlist position, the Republicans, in advancing to take these two places, were brought well within rifle range on all sides. The slaughter was terrible. Murietta was taken, but the attack on the church was repulsed. It is matter for surprise that Murietta was taken; for the Republican troops, though most of them raw levies, fought with extraordinary gallantry. Perhaps it may be doubted whether old soldiers who knew what war was would have submitted to be led into such a murderous trap. The conscripts may have thought that it was the correct and usual thing to be thus fired into from all sides, so they took their slaughtering patiently.

To avoid a repetition of such fearful and needless sacrifice of life, Marshal Concha, after a delay of some weeks, moved his army forward in three columns, his right and centre advancing upon and turning the occupied heights on the west side of the river. The heights of Galdames were carried by storm on the evening of the 29th of April, as represented in our illustration. The scene is described as wonderful. As the Republican soldiers forced their way up the mountain-side the rifle flashes from the long zigzag lines of the Carlist trenches resembled serpents of fire. But with indomitable courage the Republicans pressed on. One after another the Carlist positions were abandoned, until the last was carried. Serrano, meanwhile, had bombarded and reduced the village and the Church of San Pedro de Abanto, and Concha was now master of the road to Bilbao.

Great was the rejoicing in the relieved city. The towns-people had suffered much distress from want of food. They had had no bread for the last five days; horse-flesh was one dollar a pound, veal two dollars, and one egg was twenty-five cents. The town was bombarded by the Carlists nearly forty days, during which time 6000 shells had been thrown in. Few lives were lost, but many houses were destroyed.

Within a few weeks after this signal victory Spain sustained a severe loss in the death of the distinguished commander who was already regarded as the savior of the Republic. Although eighty years of age, Marshal Concha had shown himself the only general as yet capable of successfully combating the Carlists, and, what in Spain is even more, appeared to soar above the level of political intrigues, seeking to do but the one thing—to conquer the enemy. While Moriones, and subsequently Serrano, commanded the forces round Bilbao, grave rumors were abroad of conventions and understandings with the enemy—rumors which created in the minds of the soldiers serious distrust of their leaders. When Concha took the command all such rumors vanished, the soldiers showed implicit confidence in him, and to that in a great measure was his success due.

Up to the 27th of June this confidence was continued, and never has a commander-in-chief been more sincerely mourned by his men than Marshal Concha by the whole Army of the North.

The facts attending his death are as follows: For two days Marshal Concha had made a victorious advance on the Carlist forces, capturing village after village, post after post, despite most unfavorable weather and an almost utter lack of provisions. On the third day, the 27th, the Carlist trenches round Estella had to be attacked. The Nationalists, owing probably to two days' fatigue and to empty stomachs, the long-expected convoy of provisions not having arrived, do not appear to have fought in so orderly a manner as usual. In making the attack they had to descend one hill and rush up another, where, when quite close, they would be received by a murderous fire from the Carlists in the trenches. Battalion after battalion was thus driven back; and at last, seeing matters grow serious, the marshal put himself at the head of a reserve force, and waved them on with encouraging words. A shot from the Carlist trenches, however, struck him in the groin, and he fell, crying, "I die in the van of the army!" His body was taken up by an officer of hussars, and at once conveyed to the rear, and thence sent to Tafalla. Our picture on page 660, sketched for *Harper's Weekly* by M. Miranda, upon information derived from the statements of eye-witnesses, represents the aged marshal at the moment of receiving his death-wound. He was a noble man, as humane as he was brave. His last edict implicitly ordered no reprisals to be made for Carlist cruelties, and concluded with a motto thoroughly characteristic of the man, "Our mission is to conquer, not to assassinate."

THE SUN'S CRUST.

Professor Young has put forth a very novel theory as regards the construction of the exterior of the sun. He says there can be but little doubt that Faye, Secchi, and others, who hold that the sun is mainly gaseous, are correct; while, at the same time, the phenomena of eruption which are always occurring on the surface, as seen with a telescope, establish the idea that there is a crust of some kind which restrains the imprisoned gases. Professor Young states that this crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of descending rain—not of water, of course, but of the materials whose vapors are known to exist in the solar atmosphere. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of all the falling drops would be retarded by the resistance of the denser gases underneath, and the drops would eventually coalesce until a continuous sheet would result, and several of these sheets uniting, would form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the compressed vapors below, and pierced by innumerable jets and bubbles.

THE EGYPTIAN CUBIT.

The earnest labors and writings of Professor Smythe, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, have succeeded in drawing attention to the importance of the accurate determination of the value of the units of length, weight, and volume that were formerly in use in Egypt. There can at last be no doubt that the measures in use in modern times, excepting of course the French metric system, are a direct inheritance from the days of the early Egyptians; that in fact the measures used by the Hebrews were identical with those of Egypt, and that there is a remarkable similarity even between the ancient measures of China, Assyria, and Egypt. Although much has been written to controvert the positions taken by Smythe in his great work, *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramids*, there yet seems to be a gradual conversion to his views, or to views not materially different from his, if we may judge from the remarks of Sir Henry James on the Greek and Egyptian measures of length, recently published by the Royal Society as prefatory to some elaborate measures made by Colonel Clark, of the Ordnance Survey. Although we believe the conclusions of Sir Henry James with reference to Egyptian metrology are open to very severe criticism, it will nevertheless be interesting to reproduce them in this place. According to him, not only are our own measures derived from those of ancient Egypt, but all the accurate results given in the most ancient works on astronomy and geodesy are expressed in units of measures that depend more or less directly upon those of Egypt. The ancient Egyptians employed two measures of length, namely, the common and the royal cubits. Of the latter ten specimens have been found preserved in the ancient buildings of Egypt, the most perfect of which is that now in Florence, consisting of a slab of slate or schist. The other nine examples are of wood, and are generally divided into seven palms, apparently with a fine saw, with as much or even greater accuracy than the generality of the measures with which the workmen of the present day are supplied. Of the common cubit there seems to be no simple specimen now extant; but, on the other hand, the dimensions of some Egyptian monuments are known in terms of the ancient common cubit, so that its value can now be restored. Sir Henry James concludes that the length of the royal cubit is 20.727 English inches; the length of the common cubit appears to have been 18.240 inches. He suggests that it is not unlikely that the common and royal cubits had some definite relation to each other, like that between the link and foot of surveyors' measures in our own country, and he infers that probably eighty-eight royal cubits of Egypt were equal to a hundred common cubits of that country. The length of the English foot is exactly the average of the ancient Egyptian common and royal foot, although it is probably so by accident only.

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U. S. Bonds (Market Value)	293,060 00
State and City Bonds (Market Value)	35,900 00
Loans secured by First Mortgage	2,446,547 69
Loans fully secured by Bonds and Stocks	61,187 80
Demand Loans	126,563 19
Loans to Agents, fully secured	12,188 41
Loans secured by Policies	51,958 09
Commuted Commissions and Office Furniture	58,955 44
Accrued Interest	51,406 37
Premiums in Course of Collection	105,758 28
Deferred Premiums (net)	103,108 00
Total Assets July 1st, 1874,	$3,366,888 22

LIABILITIES.

Total present Value of Policies in force	$2,018,784 00
Losses Reported but not Due	104,485 00
Total Liabilities, July 1, 1874,	$2,123,269 00
SURPLUS	$1,243,619 22

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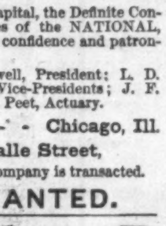

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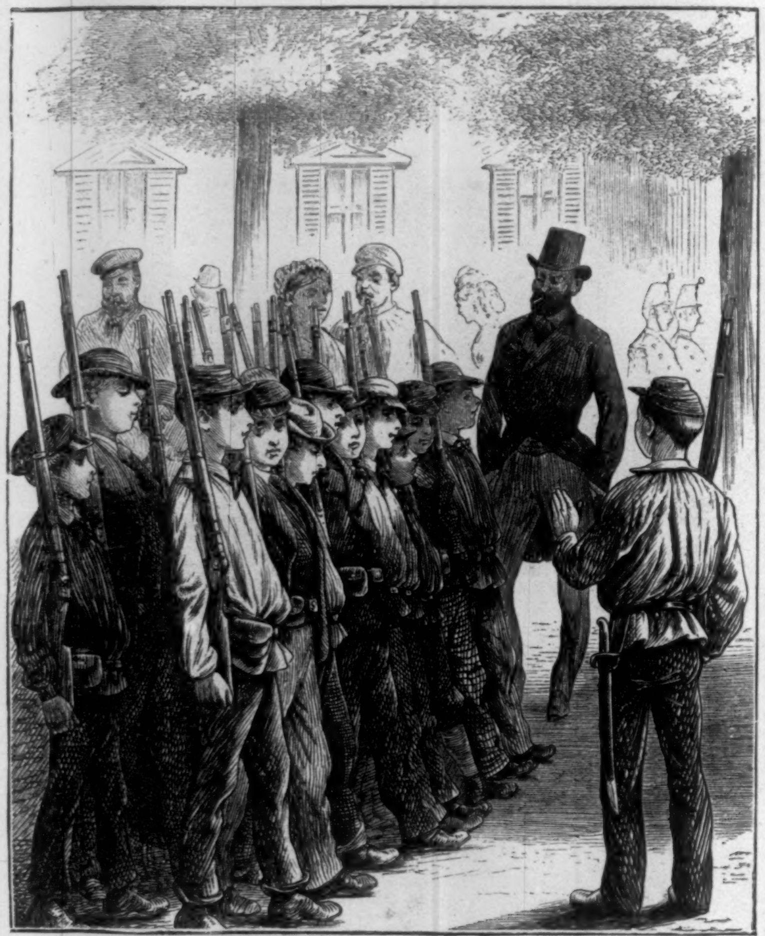

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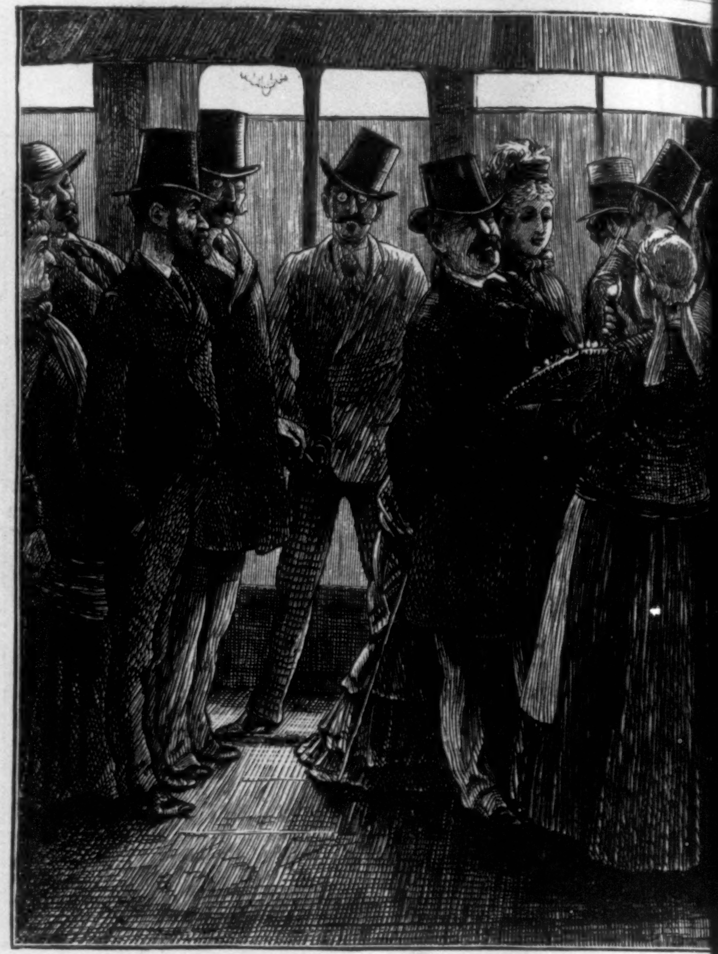

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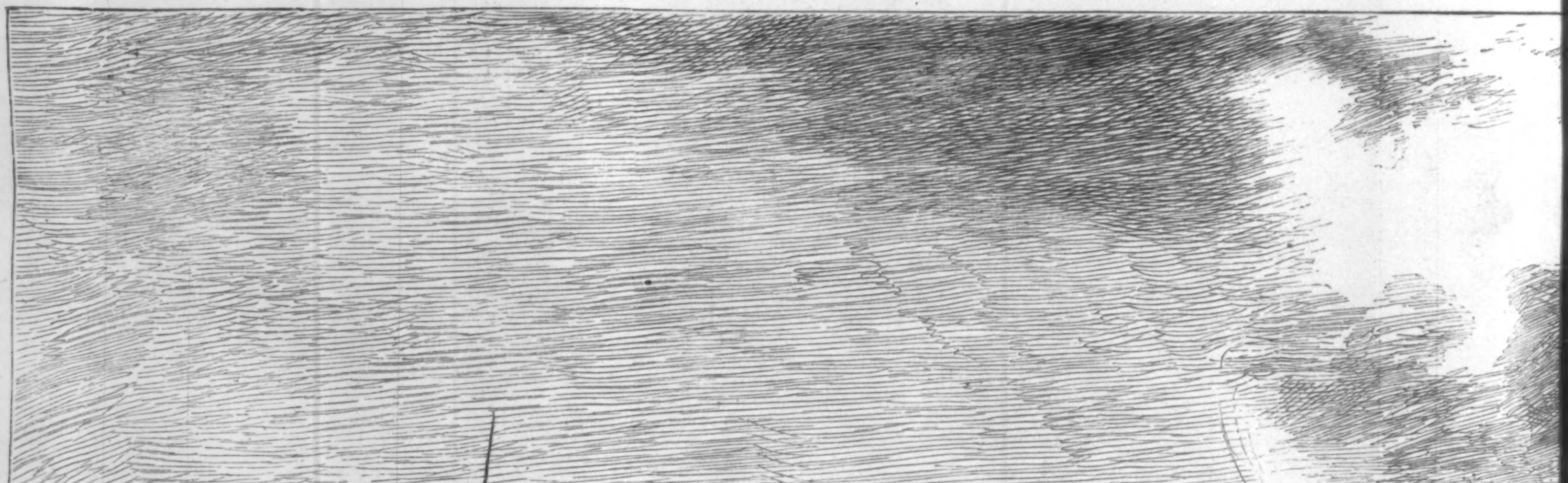

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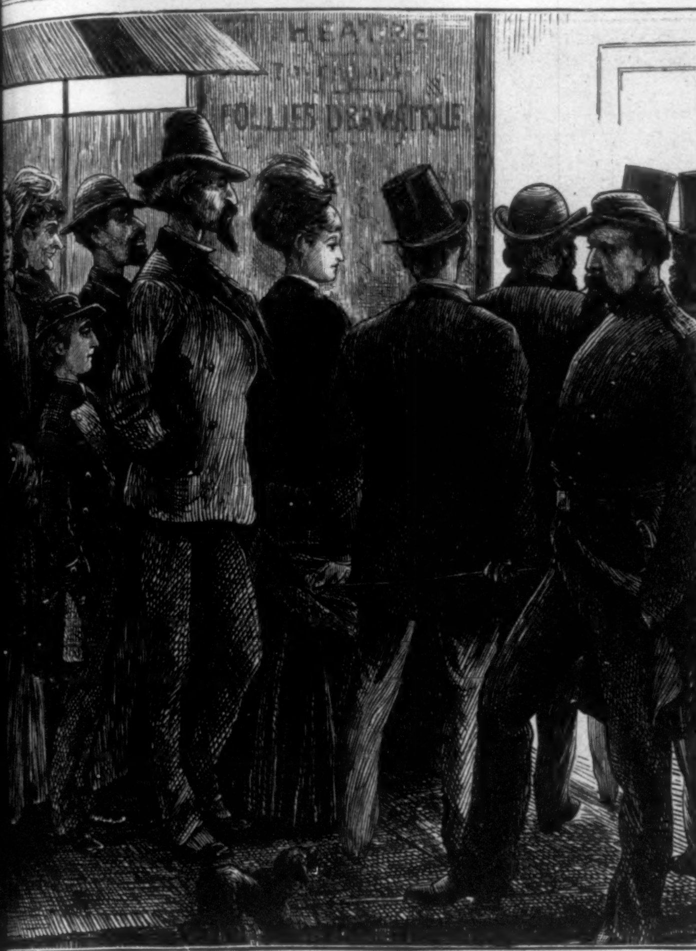

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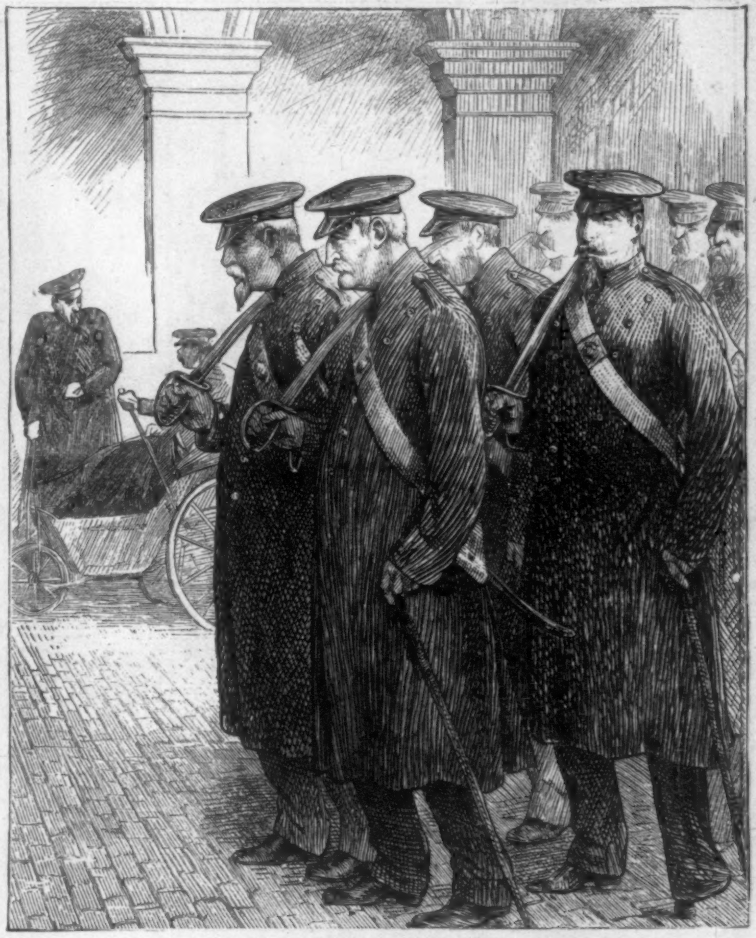

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